

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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DOWN WENT THE WHEELBARROW, PARTY AND ALL.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.

NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1894.

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## The Democratic Tariff.



THE Tariff bill as finally reported to the Senate is a ridiculous travesty upon Democratic theories and professions. In many points it directly antagonizes the fundamental declaration of the party platform. That platform affirms protection to be unconstitutional. The bill, as reconstructed by the Senate committee, adopts this unconstitutional principle as to certain preferred industries, extending to them a protection which is arbitrarily denied to other interests equally important and deserving. These concessions are made, admittedly, for partisan reasons, and independently altogether of broad considerations of public policy; they are made to conciliate special interests and appease the hostile sentiment of special localities. Thus we have a bill which is inspired on the one hand by motives of hostility to great national interests, and on the other by solicitude for interests which are largely sectional and hold no vital relation to the national prosperity—a bill which is for protection and against it, which embodies both a constitutional and an unconstitutional principle; which proposes, accepting the claims of its framers as sincere, to promote the national welfare and at the same time encourage national disaster.

Believing as we do in the protective policy, we of course regard its application as to any interest or industry as a matter for congratulation. We have no doubt that the discriminations of the amended Wilson bill, made in the interest of localities, will in some sense enure to the public advantage. But this does not alter the fact that the bill is dishonest and incoherent, utterly bad in morals, and that as such it must bring our legislation into contempt. Whenever a country lets down the standard of legislation to the level of expediency, and its laws come to image the prejudices and passions, or reflect the selfishness and venality, of the populace, or any part of it—when, in a word, it enacts its laws by a process of bargain and sale—it invites the derision of all right-thinking peoples and makes it inevitable that its own authority will cease, sooner or later, to command respect.

The blundering of the Democratic party in this matter of the tariff illustrates afresh its singular incapacity for dealing in a statesmanlike way with questions of public concern. It had an opportunity such as rarely comes to any party to formulate and carry out a distinctive, concrete, and positive policy. The country had declared in its favor. Its power, with all departments of the government in its possession, was absolute and complete. Acting in honest conformity to the spirit and demands of its platform, and standing unitedly for principle, it could have commanded popular respect because of its integrity of purpose, however much the results of its action might have been deprecated. Instead of this it has by its incompetence and timorous insincerity deepened the distrust of the people, lost its opportunity, and brought upon the country fresh confusion and apprehension as to the economic policy of the future. Instead of settling, it has unsettled financial and industrial conditions, and thus has aggravated the difficulties, already ominously great, through which we must make our way to that clear, well-settled, and permanent national policy which can alone bring genuine and abiding prosperity.

## The Good Government Movement.



THE great body of German voters in New York, numbering at least sixty thousand in all, are industrious, sober, and law-abiding citizens, whose influence can be safely counted upon, in every critical juncture, to re-enforce the demand for pure and orderly government. We

do not, of course, in this statement include the saloon-keeping class—but these have no preponderant influence as to any question of purely civic administration. A characteristic illustration of the dominant tendency among our German population is just now afforded by the agitation which is daily gathering persistence and force in support of a reform in municipal politics. The German-American Reform Club, representing a general committee of six hundred, and which includes in its membership some of the most prominent and influential German leaders, is the distinct outgrowth of this agitation. More recently there has been organized a German good-government club, the express purpose of which is to co-operate in the movement for the overthrow of Tammany. This club, as we are informed, will be as speedily as possible supplemented by others, of a similar character, it being the purpose of the leaders to establish local organizations wherever there is any considerable German vote, in order that in this way the German sentiment of the entire city may be massed for aggressive action against the corrupt dynasty which now bestrides us. The movement is, of course, strictly non-partisan, and it will not be permitted to contribute to the promotion of merely partisan ends; its sole object is to secure for the metropolis the best attainable government; and the party which addresses itself most honestly, and with the largest patriotism, to the achievement of this end will have its cordial and active sympathy.

There is no reason at all why, as to municipal affairs, good citizens of all parties should not unite in support of distinctly non-partisan nominations. The best men should be selected, without any regard at all to partisan affiliations, to direct all departments of the public business. Why should the vast concerns of this city be committed to the control of men who do not in any true sense represent its intelligence, its great material interests, or its average business capacity—men who in many instances are in active sympathy with its vicious forces, and have no higher motive than that of public pillage? Such a policy is not only indefensible, it is positively criminal. It is of the highest importance that an end should be put to maladministration and the rule of audacious plunderers, and that result can be accomplished whenever right-thinking citizens will rise superior to all considerations of partisanship, and, standing together, assert themselves in a common and resolute effort in behalf of a specific scheme of reform.

## Co-operation of Capital and Labor.



HERE is no doubt that such national calamities as war and famine and pestilence have a tendency to draw the individual members of the body politic into closer sympathy, just as family troubles are apt to cement in stronger bonds the ties of consanguinity. It would seem that such a period of depression as the people of the United States are now passing through would also teach the lesson of unity; that there must be practical unanimity on certain questions between its factors if the business of the general community is to be in the future what it has been in the past. It was made clear by the election of 1892 that the people of the United States had come to be broadly divided into two classes—employers, creditors, those who are ahead generally in this world's goods, forming one class, and employes, debtors, those who are struggling to get ahead, the other. There were, indeed, many rich men who voted for a change in economic policy, as there were many poor men who voted against it, but it was the winning over of the majority of the poor men to the party of "tariff reform" that made a change possible.

The conflict between those who have and those who wish to have is said to be irrepressible, and yet it is agreed that if they could work in harmony the result would vastly increase the general welfare. Whether the present depression is drawing the rich and the poor, the employer and the workingman, closer together is a question worthy of consideration.

The immediate tendency of the workingman's emphatic expression of opinion in 1892 was undoubtedly to produce some irritation on the part of the employer. He could not see how other spectacles than his own could be used by the employe in looking at the tariff question. "If duties are cut down," reasoned the manufacturer, "it should be clear to the workingman that his wages must also be reduced. He will suffer most from the hard times sure to come." And in some cases the employer said: "Let him suffer."

On the other hand, the feeling against capital that had been long growing among the toiling millions received tremendous impetus from the revelation of strength which their victory afforded them. "We shall see now," said more than one workingman, "what these capitalists will do. Perhaps they will not now find it so easy to live in luxury at our expense as they have in the past."

But to all the pinch of hard times gradually brought conviction that if there was to be a change back to the old industrial activity, there must be general co-operation. It is to the credit of the workingmen that they were not backward in taking steps in this direction. When

relentless logic of facts showed that a change of tariff policy meant personal disaster to them, they began the remarkable series of protests against the Wilson bill that has recently occupied so much space in the columns of the newspapers. It should not be understood that these protests indicated a disappearance of the feeling against employers, but there has been a softening of it, and to some extent a realization that unless capital can realize profits labor cannot be well paid, and that the interests of both classes are identical. The effect of this movement upon employers was not immediate, but they have begun to see that much of the antagonism of "labor" toward "capital" is a surface matter, largely due to lack of knowledge, and the beginning of co-operation came in combined opposition to tariff reduction.

Now that the possibility of an era of good feeling is seen, all should foster and encourage it. No matter whether the tariff be reduced or not, employers should not reduce wages simply because they can, nor until they are forced to. They should not expect workingmen to be content under conditions unfavorable to their comfort. They must remember that respect and good feeling are essential to good service. Employes should be more considerate in the future, than they have sometimes been in the past, of the conditions under which the employer is doing business. They should not expect that because a man is a capitalist he is going to conduct an industry at a loss, or even without a fair profit. The philanthropist who is entirely unselfish may exist, but he does not often engage in business. When he does, the result is invariably disastrous. Both employers and employes should think long and earnestly before precipitating that sort of contest called a strike. Recognition of the community of interests should be striven for; once this is accomplished, the result will be beneficial both to capital and labor, and, therefore, to the nation. Every man in the United States may contribute to this greatly desired result, but unless the majority work for it, it can never be realized, and the unreasoning animosity between capital and labor, that has sprung up during the past few years, may work incalculable disaster to the nation and its institutions.

## Much Too Early O'Rourke's.



CERTAIN hard facts regarding the buildings for Federal purposes which are erected in every State of the Union are substantially accepted as correct by all people of sense. One is that the United States obtains worse designs for its public buildings than the States and great cities get when they attempt similar tasks, and that corporations and private citizens are best served of all; another is that the United States pays more for what it gets; a third fact perfectly well known, is that the supervising architect does not, and in the nature of things cannot, produce in his office at Washington designs for Federal buildings which represent the best that American architects can produce.

This is so openly the plight of the country that efforts have been made by the architects to throw open to competition the designs for new edifices. Even if we had a bureau of architecture at Washington, with a distinguished architect at its head, properly paid and able to avail himself of the best talent in the land, it would still be well for him to give a certain preference to architects of that section of the country for which the building is to be prepared. One of the worst features of the prevailing system is the carrying out of copper-plate designs all over the Union, which result in the same kind of building in New Hampshire and Texas, although climates, habits, and the people differ. New Mexico demands a different structure from Maine; a prairie city has to meet problems in its buildings which differ from those of Colorado and Louisiana. When by good luck we have a supervising architect who is not ignorant of such elementary truths as this, he is hampered by the mistaken parsimony of Congress.

Recently there have been hopes of a change because the architects have been gratified by the passage of a law permitting the Secretary of the Treasury to allow the supervising architect to open to competition these public buildings. Judge of the surprise when it was found that Mr. O'Rourke, the latest encumberer of the supervisoryship, had prepared for Buffalo a building just as wretched in design, just as inadequate for its purpose, just as ugly and trivial, as any of the hideous affairs we have been groaning at for the last two decades! And this for a city more alive to art, with more artists, architects, and art-lovers than many a State capital—indeed, than Albany, the capital of New York State itself. And this for the home of President Cleveland, to which, it may be, he will some day return!

Finding this abuse of good faith about to proceed, the Institute of American Architects wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury, calling his attention to the situation. Several letters passed, and Mr. D. C. Burnham, of Chicago, the representative of the institute, clearly lost his temper and wrote with a sharpness which was not only unwise, but improper. Observe, however, that the Secretary of the Treasury has not seen fit to pardon that plain speaking, which was wrong but still natural in a man who feels

keenly the harm such performances do to the nation at large. He gets angry in turn and puts an end to the correspondence in a huff, leaving the O'Rourke master of the situation. Apparently Secretary Carlisle is more concerned with his own petty dignity than an affair of great moment to the people. He is affected by that species of mild insanity which befalls office-holders in Washington who think the country struck at when their own actions are called in question.

Mr. Burnham unquestionably owes the Secretary of the Treasury an apology for the terms of at least one of his letters; but how about the apology that the secretary owes Buffalo, the State of New York, and the Union, for returning to the Dark Ages of architecture, and permitting another miserable design to become an actuality? Has he no pity on the Buffalo people living and growing up and yet to be born, that he does not shrink from repeating such an iniquity as Mullett perpetrated when he designed our city's post-office? Does he relish the prospect of the curses of coming generations when students in the art schools of Buffalo shall be taken to that building in order to show them how a public edifice should not be designed? How will our fragrant Senators from New York rejoice when Buffalo visits the head of that President whom they so poisonously hate, the sins that really sprang, like March pea-vines, from "early O'Rourke"?

Go to, Mr. Secretary; put your indignation in your pocket and consider the need of establishing at once a precedent against these monstrous buildings which are ruining the taste of the people. And you, Mr. Burnham, a little less urbanity of the Chicago sort, if you please! Cabinet officers are not to be bullied or called names. You owe both Secretary Carlisle and the architects an apology for losing your temper, though you lost it in a righteous cause. And you, oh rather O'Rourke, blooming unknown to the artists and architects of the country in the political hot-house of Washington, transplant yourself into some cold frame and try to curb a little the wild, the Oriental luxuriance of your fancy, remembering that even as the pea that bears your name is known by its pod, so a good architect is known by his works.

**A Novel Crusade.**



HE all-round-the-world "crusade against the traffic in alcohol, opium, and against legalized vice" which is set forth from the United States in October next will be a unique demonstration of nineteenth-century methods of reform. The crusade had its origin with the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, under whose auspices a monster polyglot petition against the evils complained of has been gotten up during the last seven years, with a view of influencing the opinion of mankind. This petition, which has now two million signatures, "and, with the attestation of certain great societies, not less than three millions," is to be carried by Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard to "all the governments of the world." A first-class steamer is to be chartered, and with a view of making the demonstration impressive, "a party of one hundred persons will be organized to accompany" the ladies named, with Mr. William Pipe, ex-secretary of the World's Parliament of Religions, as general manager. The crusaders will first visit President Cleveland, who, in view of his alleged reform in matters bibulous, may be expected to give them a cordial hearing, though possibly he may not care to listen to the reading of the memorial in all the tongues in which it finds expression. Then the crusade will sail away for London, where there will be a "great demonstration in Exeter Hall," and thence it will proceed to Rome and seek audience of the Pope and King Humbert. Its wanderings from this point on are thus outlined by the *Saturday Review*:

"At Athens the King, and at Jerusalem the Patriarch, will next hearken to the polyglot millions—presumably in Greek and Hebrew. Thence the way is short to Egypt, where the Khedive will be approached. It is not stated in what language, or in how many, he will be addressed; but, if all tales are true, we cannot but think that the world's women will at this point be treading on delicate ground. From Egypt the hundred, or hundred and two, will go to India, where they propose to range widely up and down, pervading the 'national congress,' and so on. Thence to Ceylon, and thence to Siam, with the object of presenting the petition to the King of Siam.' No knowledgeable person can doubt that this monarch will receive the deputation and the accompanying demonstration with peculiar favor, and, as far as words go, it seems probable that he will meet them in the spirit of gracious assent which has characterized him in his dealings with foreign Powers, and otherwise. After Siam, China, Japan, and the Australian colonies seem almost flat. From Japan and the presence of the Mikado Mr. Pipe and his charges return across the Pacific, and then complete the 'eastern circuit of the world.' The northern and central governments of Europe are to receive the petition 'at later dates,' and we cannot wonder that they are postponed to the insistent claims of the Pope, the Mikado, and the King of Siam."

There can be no doubt that "this unprecedented pilgrimage," if it ever takes place, will make a stir in the world; possibly, indeed, it may in some quarters produce genuine consternation. There are some Eastern capitals where it is easy to conceive that the appearance of a hundred or more resolute women, even if not armed by a great "polyglot petition," will be regarded as more terrible than pestilence or an army with banners. It is interesting to know that there is still room for a few recruits to the crusaders' ranks, and we cannot doubt that there

are among us women who will be glad of the chance to enroll themselves for the tour. Some that we might name, veterans of a certain sort in the work of reform, could be spared for even a longer period than the crusade will probably occupy, but possibly these are not the most likely to seize the opportunity offered.

**A Successful Lecturer.**



A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

MR. A. B. DE GUERVILLE, who, while traveling in Asia as a commissioner for the World's Columbian Exposition, gave to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY many interesting and amusing accounts of his experiences and adventures, is now meeting great success here as a lecturer. The story of his interview with Li Hung Chong, published in this paper, attracted attention the world over, and was reproduced and discussed by papers in Asia and in Europe, and even published in the great French encyclopædia of Larousse. Being a scholar and a linguist, Mr. de Guerville has written for the best papers not only in this country, but also abroad—for *La Tribuna Illustrata* of Rome, *Le Figaro*, *Le Figaro Illustré* of Paris, etc. As a lecturer Mr. de Guerville's success has been unexpectedly great. His illustrated talks on Japan, Corea, China, Cochin China, etc., are delightful. They are not only most instructive—for, having lectured before the Emperor and Empress of Japan, the King and Queen of Corea, the Viceroy of China, and other royalties, Mr. de Guerville is able to speak of people and things never before made public in a lecture—but they are also extremely amusing and full of wit and sparkle. Ready in his delivery, Mr. de Guerville is easily seen to be possessed of the enthusiasm of his subjects; and his clear and penetrating voice, which is both magnetic and pleasing, and the slight foreign accent which pervades his speech, serve to lend piquancy to his witty descriptions. Possessing the refinement and grace of a true Parisian, with native cleverness and absolute personal knowledge of the subjects which he has taken up, this gentleman may be looked upon as a new light in the lecture-field, and one destined, by virtue of ability, energy, and ambition, to make a mark upon his time.

**WHAT'S GOING ON**

THE President has acted wisely in determining to insist upon the rights conferred by the treaty with Hawaii in reference to the occupation of Pearl Harbor as a naval station in the Pacific. The possession of this harbor may prove to be of vital importance in the future. Our interests in the Hawaiian islands are greater than those of any other Power, and they must be protected. There is probably no ground for the statement that the British government has been intriguing to secure possession of the harbor in question, but it is quite within the range of possibility that unless occupied by us under existing treaty provisions, it might some day fall into the hands of that or some other Power, and become a serious source of danger to our prestige in the Pacific.

Two items of intelligence indicative of growing toleration and progress are just reported from China. One refers to a proclamation issued by the governor of the province of Kiang-Si commanding his subjects to desist from persecutions of converts to Christianity, and the other describes the success of the railway recently opened from Tien-tsin to Shanghai-Kwan. The road is declared to be immensely popular, and is taxed to its full capacity by passengers and freight. Other roads are now in contemplation, and the indications are that the prejudice which has so long stood in the way of modern improvements throughout the empire will soon be generally and effectually overcome. With the wife of the Chinese ambassador to the United States breaking over the conventional usage of centuries and participating in the social functions of the capital, and the locomotive and telegraph penetrating the recesses of the Celestial Empire, so long barred and bolted against all intruders, the ancient civilization is certainly menaced by very serious perils.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, sustaining the legality of the Republican Senate and condemning the usurpation of the Democratic highwaymen who for eleven weeks held the State Legislature by the throat, has been followed by the passage of a large number of acts repealing the iniquitous laws by which the Democratic race-track ring thought to intrrench themselves in permanent authority, and the indications are that before the Legislature adjourns the right of self-government, filched from the people, will be, as to every important interest, completely restored. The repeal of the race-track legislation of last winter, supplemented by an act prohibiting

book-making on race-courses, will put an end to racing in the State; and the politicians who have thrived upon the shameless and illicit practices at Guttenburg, Gloucester, and Monmouth Park will be driven to seek a livelihood in other fields. The Democratic party, too, which as an organization has received enormous contributions in recent years from the gamblers, will be compelled to replenish its campaign fund from other and less plethoric sources. With the moral backing of this victory in the courts, and with popular feeling against the corrupt Democratic bosses deeply aroused, the Republicans of New Jersey ought to be able to hold control of the State for years to come.

Is New York society vulgar? Rev. Dr. Rainsford says it is, and he says, moreover, that women are responsible for the fact. In a recent talk before a woman's club in Brooklyn, Dr. Rainsford dwelt with a good deal of force on some existing evidences of social degeneracy, and said that there could be no hope of a genuine purification of society until women come to understand that life is something more than "having a good time." He deplored the low ideals of the average society girl in her religious, social, and home life, and appealed to his hearers to recognize their responsibilities as influential factors in the community. There is undoubtedly a real basis for the criticisms of the plain-speaking clergyman; but we are hardly prepared to admit that New York society is essentially vulgar. Its dominating tendencies are cleanly and wholesome; it has a large and generous sympathy with the best things, and it can be depended upon, in every real moral crisis, to assert itself in the right direction. It certainly compares favorably, in the attitude which it maintains toward social vices, with the "society" of London and some other great capitals, where certain forms of immorality are often tolerated with amazing complacency. Nevertheless, the best society is always capable of improvement, and wholesome criticism of the follies and frailties of society is to be welcomed as tending to a betterment of existing conditions.

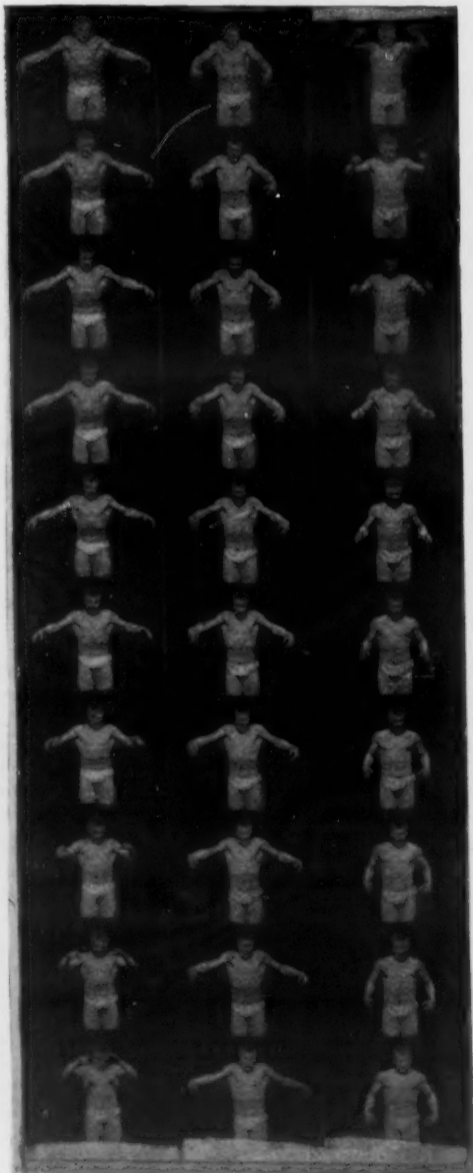
THE enormous growth of the manufacturing industries of this country during the decade ending with 1890 is strikingly illustrated by a belated bulletin of the census bureau, recently issued. The returns embodied in this important document show that the number of manufacturing establishments in 1890 was 355,401, with an invested capital of \$6,524,475,305, as against 253,352 establishments, with an invested capital of \$2,790,272,606 in 1880. This shows an increase in the capital employed of over one hundred per cent., and demonstrates conclusively the prosperous condition of our industries under a protective policy. In the same period the value of our manufacturing product increased from \$5,369,579,191 in 1880, to \$9,370,107,624 in 1890. Speaking exactly, the official figures show that the percentage of increase in the number of establishments was twenty-seven per cent., and in the capital employed one hundred and twenty per cent.; in the average number of employes sixty-six per cent., and in the total wages one hundred and thirty-one per cent.; in the cost of materials forty-eight per cent., and in the value of products sixty-nine per cent. It is also shown that, deducting the cost of the raw material from the value of the finished product, the addition to the national wealth in the year the last census was taken was \$4,211,239,271. The wage-earners of the country received in 1890 the immense sum of \$1,334,869,470 more than they received in 1880. These statistics tell their own story. No such results would have been possible under such an economic policy as is now proposed in the Wilson Tariff bill.

A PROMINENT Baltimore divine, who has a high reputation for piety and eloquence, has recently declined a call to the pulpit of a fashionable and wealthy Presbyterian church in this city. The declination is not, perhaps, surprising. The church in question is composed largely of society people, with a sprinkling of financiers and affluent men of the world who are not distinguished in their business or social life for exact conformity to religious standards. They have a high relish for gilt-edged preaching, and are willing to pay liberally for it. They possibly know themselves to be sinners like other folk, but they do not care to be reminded of the fact. They prefer an easy-going gospel, in which the terrors of the law are minimized or smothered altogether under soft and soothing phrases. A church thus made up is seldom, if ever, a considerable factor in the religious life of the community, and an earnest preacher, who is dominated by a true conception of the dignity and responsibility of his calling, can hardly be expected, even if possessing something of the martyr spirit, to covet a field of labor so unpromising. Our best and most successful divines understand perfectly that there is no preaching so effective, or with the great body of community so popular, as that which deals in simple terms with the real problem of sin and its cure; and while there will always be fashionable preachers, so-called, their influence upon the thought of their time will grow less and less as men come more and more to value faith, obedience, and the honest sincerities of Christian living.

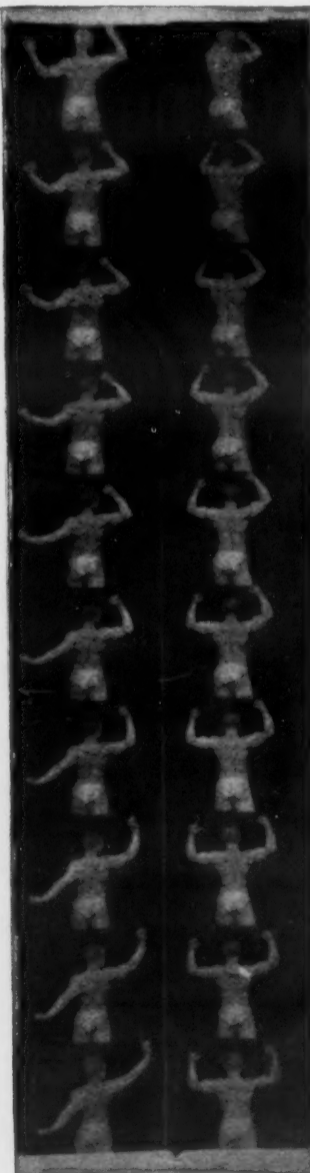


THE BIGGEST GUN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY—THE TEST OF THE 13-INCH RIFLE AT INDIAN HEAD PROVING-GROUND.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY LIEUTENANT A. A. ACKERMAN, UNITED STATES NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

Sandow in his muscular movements.



Acrobat performing handsprings.



EDISON'S LATEST INVENTION, THE KINETOGRAPH AND KINETOSCOPE—A DEVICE THAT ACCOMPLISHES BY PHOTOGRAPHY, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE PHONOGRAPH, A SIMULTANEOUS REPRODUCTION OF BOTH SOUND AND MOTION.  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. K. L. DICKSON, IN CHARGE OF THE KINETOGRAPH EXPERIMENTS AT EDISON'S LABORATORY.

## The Kinetograph.

### Edison's Latest Invention.

WHEN Edison completed the phonograph and thereby rendered it possible to record and reproduce at pleasure so elusive a thing as sound, he conceived the idea of constructing a device which would perform for the eye the same service that the phonograph performs for the ear, and of combining the two, to the end that a simultaneous reproduction of sound and motion might be accomplished. This involved the invention of apparatus that would record and faithfully reproduce the various phases of motion—the contriving of a system whereby permanent pictures could be obtained of any and every object in motion, and which would provide for an unlimited reproduction of such pictures in which the objects would be seen again in actual movement, as in the reality.

This, Edison has now achieved, after several years of experimenting and prodigious effort, and while the actual union of the two machines has not yet taken place, it will be effected in the near future.

By a subtle blending of optics and mechanics, pictures of objects in motion, thrown by the lens of a suitable camera upon a narrow, continuous strip of very light, sensitized film, are photographed, every gradation of light and shade being scrupulously preserved, and no detail, however minute, being omitted. The instrument by means of which this is done Mr. Edison calls the "kinetograph," and the instrument through whose agency the pictures are reproduced he designates the "kinetoscope." It is well to bear this distinction in mind, as the terms are readily confused. The function of the former is to photograph or record, and of the latter to reproduce, the final operation resulting in a perfect visual image of men, animals, or other objects, as they appear when in actual motion. The invention is therefore a novel application of the art of photography in which many distinct and separate photographs are combined in one total effect. This is accomplished by means of an improved camera, regulated by electricity and united with an ingeniously devised mechanism which photographs with the most extraordinary rapidity. Forty-six distinct photographs are taken in a second, which is at the rate of 2,760 per minute, and 165,600 per hour. When these pictures are placed in the kinetoscope (the reproducing apparatus) and seen in quick succession, they present the illusive effect of true motion. To produce this illusion it is necessary that forty-six pictures should stop and make their impress on the eye every second of time, each stop being one-sixtieth of a second in duration. With the present instrument a complete scene lasts twenty seconds and consists of nine hundred and twenty separate and distinct photographs, each of which is moved to its proper position under the magnifying glass in the one-hundred-and-eighty-fifth of a second. The pictures are about an inch square and are magnified about

(Continued on page 226.)



The Great Unknown



J E Oliver Trumpeter



Bill Commissary Marshal



Jacob S. Coxe



Carl Browne - secretary



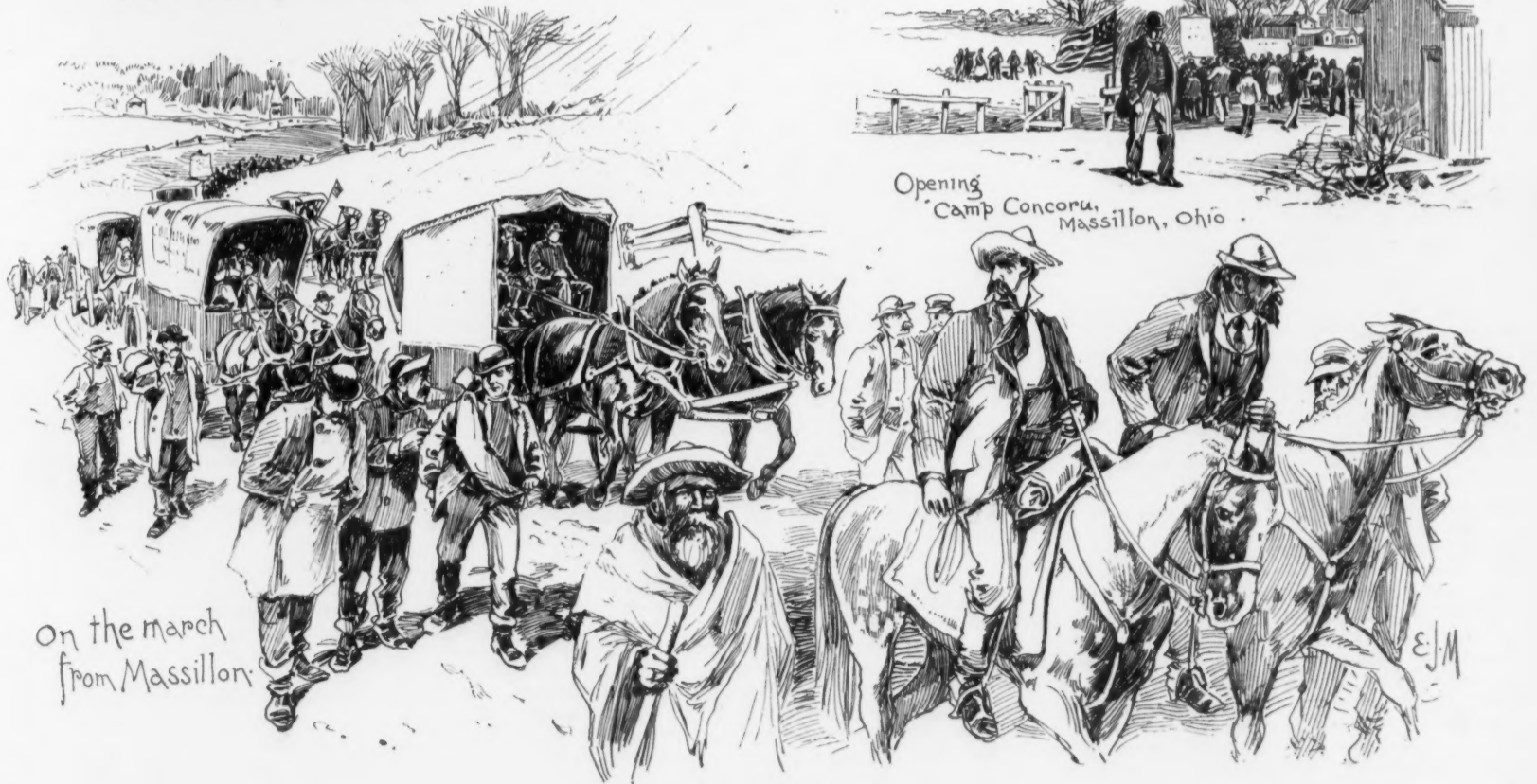
The Standard of the Commonwealth



Oklahoma Sam



Opening Camp Concora, Massillon, Ohio



On the march from Massillon

COXEY'S FOLLY.

THE "COMMONWEAL ARMY" OF CRANKS AND TRAMPS ADVANCES UPON WASHINGTON TO DEMAND AN UNLIMITED ISSUE OF PAPER MONEY TO BE EXPENDED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF GOOD ROADS.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEERER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—(SEE PAGE 227.)

## THE CURING OF THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

By J. T. NEWCOMB.

IT was eleven o'clock one Sunday evening in the office of the *Morning Chronicle*, and most of the reporters had returned from covering their evening assignments. The religious editor was seated at his desk, cutting down the manuscript of an eminent divine, swearing glibly here and there, where some paragraph or other failed to yield itself easily to his manipulations. The reporters that had finished writing their copy discussed, with their feet on the tables and with their pipes in their mouths, such topics as were suggested variously to their attention. The hoarse rattle of the copy-box sounded at intervals as the local copy was started on its perilous journey through the hands of the night editor to the composing-room. The steady clicking of the instrument on the Associated wire made a monotonous overtone to the low hum of the reporter's voices and the irregular imprecations of the religious editor.

The bell from the night editor rang and the city editor listened at the tube; then he came out from his little room in the corner and addressed the force in general.

"You'll have to boil everything down," he said; "the old man's brought in a sermon." There was an infinite scorn on his face and an infinite scorn in his tone—scorn for the old man. The religious editor leaned back in his chair and puffed furiously at his cigar in a way that plainly indicated that things were coming to a pretty pass in the office of the *Morning Chronicle*. The reporters looked at the city editor with deep sympathy. The force collectively curled its lip. The city editor went back to his desk, sighed more in sorrow than in anger, and sat down to his work again.

Everybody knew what it meant when the old man brought in anything. They knew that it had to go in full, column after column, on the first page, whether it was a treatise on agriculture or a sermon on the doctrine of regeneration. They all wished that the old man would go to Europe, or somewhere, and stay there, letting those that knew how run the paper. But nobody thought of making any remonstrance. Nobody, that is, except the college graduate.

The college graduate had been sent for a sermon and had almost finished preparing an elaborate report. He was pleased with the result of his labors and he meant to go around the next day and ask the minister what he thought of it. He was sure that he had the theology correct, for he remembered about the same thing from his theism course; he had compared the biblical quotations with the office Bible, with the aid of a concordance; he was, in fact, sure of everything except the spelling, and he knew he could trust the city editor to fix that. He went and stood rather timidly in the doorway of the city editor's little room and waited for his chief to look up. Must he cut his sermon? He was certain it would be ruined; he did not see how it could be cut.

"What's it about?" inquired the city editor, crossing out two lines in the manuscript he was reading and substituting a word to fill the gap.

"Well, it's—er—"

"Critique the city officials?"

"No; he—"

"Any politics in it?"

"No, sir; but—"

"Against the Catholics?"

"No, sir. It wasn't that sort of a sermon. It was about science and religion. He—er—he reconciled them."

The city editor went back to the manuscript he was reading. "Just say he preached," he said.

The college graduate went back to his desk and sat down—a blighted thing. He put his feet on the table like the rest, but he did not join in the conversation. He thought. He felt that the worm ought to turn, but he did not know which way to turn. He thought of resigning, but he knew that he would be more bereaved in the loss of his salary than the office in the loss of his services. The office would undoubtedly be sorry sometime, but he felt that when the worm turned it ought to make a more immediate stir. After a while he put on his overcoat and went out.

Before the college graduate became a newspaper man he had been a poet. He was, in fact, still a poet. It injured his work a good deal and kept his salary down, but he clung to it for all that. One day the city editor came out

of his little room to the college graduate's desk and put his hand on the young man's shoulder in a way that was very kindly.

"Do you intend to stay in this sort of business?" he asked. It was so unusual for the city editor to talk about things that were not strictly his business that the young man looked up in some surprise.

"Why, yes, I intend to," he answered. "Of course I'd like it better if I had a higher class of work to do."

"That's all right," said the city editor, "that'll come in time. In the meantime, if you care for a tip from me, you want to learn to boil things down. When you've got a story to write don't write two sheets of copy where you ought to write only one. Then, if I were in your place I would learn to spell. You didn't learn that in college. That wasn't what you went there for, of course. But now it's different. You'll find it easy after a little while, and it will save me trouble."

"Thank you," said the college graduate, meekly. He had just then a respect for the city editor.

"You see, you have been in a different atmosphere," continued the older man; "you have been living on poetry and theory. There isn't a great deal of that sort of thing here. You'll fall into the swing pretty soon, though, and you won't mind it."

When the college graduate finished his work that day he went home and thought things over, wondering if he had better give up his poetry. He had a hard time deciding, and finally he took down a volume of his Emerson and read a little. Then he decided not to give up anything. The city editor was a good fellow, but he was fearfully narrow. The college graduate did not believe that the city editor was accustomed to think.

So on this Sunday evening, when the college graduate put on his overcoat and started to go to his rooms, he had a ready refuge from the cares that had been weighing him down. As he passed the post-office he stepped in to see if there were any letters for him. He found two, one in a handwriting that was feminine and familiar, the other in an envelope that bore the name of the *Hilman Monthly*, a periodical to whose pages he had contributed, for scanty pay, several sets of verses.

His heart leaped into his throat when he saw the letter-head, for letters from his publisher were not frequent with him. He did not open either of the letters, but put them carefully in his pocket and continued on his journey homeward. He would not let himself plan about the contents of the letter. He had a feeling that it would not turn out to be whatever he thought it was, so he tried not to think of the thing that he wanted it to be.

When the college graduate reached his lodgings he put the two letters down on the table and, prolonging the pleasures of anticipation, carefully rearranged the room and the things on his desk before he sat down. He hesitated a moment, deciding which letter to open first. Finally he was loyal to the one that was feminine and familiar. It was a pleasant, comforting letter, and he smiled as he read it. He knew that there were two people in the world that believed him to be the personification of all knowledge and wisdom; the two people were his mother and the writer of the letter that he was reading. There was a deal of comfort in the knowledge of it.

He finished the first letter and put it carefully back in its envelope. Then he took up the other one and opened it. It was, in fact, from the office of the monthly, but it merely inclosed another letter that had been sent to the office to be forwarded to the author of "Forever Bound," which the college graduate had contributed to a recent number. The verses had been to the effect that it was impossible to forget the girl you loved even though you knew that she was no longer faithful; as you sat before the fire at the evening hour with your pipe, trying to forget, her image would come back to you in a number of ways, and your heart would throb. The college graduate had considered the verses something of a hit himself. He broke the seal of the inclosed envelope and read as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—I feel that I must tell you how your beautiful poem has impressed me. It seems that

another soul, kindred to my own, has been speaking to me. Oh, it was so beautiful to see the thoughts that have come to me so often expressed as only one who is truly inspired can express them! It has seemed to me that I must see you—talk with you. Oh, there is something greater than the conventionalities that are taught us! Do I not know you after reading your words? Can you not—will you not come to see me? They would not tell me who you were at the office of the magazine, or I would have had you come to me differently. If you could come in the afternoon—any afternoon—it would be better. Oh, if you think ill of me for this do not come; but it has seemed to me that it is right.

EDITH GRATON.  
168 E. Milton Street."

The college graduate put the letter down on the table and passed his hand nervously back over his temples. It had come at last. He had been appreciated. It had been weary waiting, but it had come at last. He was not quite sure of his duty to the woman that had written the letter. He felt that it would be kind to go and see her, but it seemed dangerous to establish a precedent. When these letters began to pour in upon him he could not, of course, attend to them all personally. Still this was the first one, and that made a difference. On the whole, he thought he would go, although later on he felt he must draw the line. And so he went the next day in the afternoon.

He had a kind of a queer feeling as he walked up East Milton Street. He was pleased but somewhat awed when he found that it was a street of remarkably fine residences. He was still further awed when he found that among them all 168 stood out pre-eminently the finest. Nevertheless he went up and rang the bell, and restrained, as he waited for the answer, his natural inclination to turn and flee.

The door was opened by a proper individual in a white cap and other emblems of dignified servanthood, and he was ushered into a reception-room. Miss Graton would be down in a moment. The college graduate did not sit down. He stood in line with a long mirror and took stock of himself. The reception-room did him good. He felt that he had returned to a sphere that belonged to him. In the mirror he saw a rather tall, heavy young man, curly-haired and broad of brow, dressed in a way that was undoubtedly proper and pleasing. He felt that he fitted in with the surroundings. In his lodgings he knew that he did not. Presently he heard the sound of light feet on the stairway, and he quickly got himself out of position from the mirror. Then Miss Graton came into the room.

The college graduate had wondered a good deal about the probable appearance of the woman he was to see; he had prepared himself for an old maid, an ordinary young woman, or an intellectual, sympathetic lady of any age, but he had failed to prepare himself for what he saw before him. What he saw was a big-eyed, sweet-faced little school-girl. She might have been sixteen, not a day more. She was gowned in some soft material, sternly without ornament. Her eyes were very bright, and there was a tinge of red in either cheek. Her cheeks did not look as if the red were always there. She gave the college graduate one quick glance, and then if she looked at him at all it was stealthily from under her long lashes.

She gave him her little hand in quiet welcome, and they sat down.

"It was so good of you to come," she murmured.

The college graduate said that it was only a pleasure. They were both nervous, and conventionalities were the easiest.

"I don't know what you thought of me when you got my letter," continued the girl; "but I don't believe in all the things that some people want me to. They let me dance with Jack and he can come to see me. But I don't know Jack half as well as I know you. I only know what he does. I know some of the things that you think. I don't believe," she continued, musingly, "that Jack thinks, anyway."

The college graduate said that he thought she was right. Then his conscience began to prick him, and he said, somewhat oracularly:

"Social limitations are for ordinary circumstances. This is not an ordinary circumstance."

The young lady joined her hands together and looked at him for just a moment.

"That was beautiful," she said. "Say some more." The college graduate smiled.

"Do you know," he said, "you do not look a bit as I expected you would."

The young lady looked disappointed.

"You are not going to talk like that, are you?" she inquired. "That sounded just like Jack."

"And who is Jack?"

"Jack," replied the young lady, slowly and with emphasis. "Jack is nobody."

"Oh," said the college graduate.

There was a pause at this point, and the girl's eyes suddenly became very grave. When she spoke it was very softly.

"Would you mind telling me about her now?" she said.

"About—about whom?" inquired the young man, looking puzzled. She took the puzzled look for distress and hastened to say:

"I wouldn't for the world have you do it if it will pain you. But I hoped that you would tell me about her, and that you would let me tell you how much I sympathize with you."

"I don't think I quite understand who it is that you mean," said the college graduate.

The young lady looked displeased and somewhat astonished.

"Why, the one in the poem," she said, a little impatiently.

"I suppose I am very stupid," began the young man. The girl looked ready to cry.

"Now you are talking like Jack again," she said, "and you are looking like him, too. You don't look at all as you ought, anyway. You are horrid."

The college graduate moved uneasily in his chair.

"I am very sorry that I do not please you," he said.

"Didn't you love that girl whom you wrote about in the poem at all?" inquired the girl, between despair and a last faint hope that there was a mistake somewhere.

The college graduate rose to the situation.

"My dear young lady," he said in a fatherly tone; "there never was any such girl."

"Then how could you write that poem?"

The college graduate hesitated and thought.

"I don't know," he said at length.

"Did you just make it up, every bit?"

"I suppose I did."

"Then I think you are a fraud," said the young lady with conviction. "And to think,"

she added, "that I have read that thing over hundreds—yes, thousands of times!" The disappointment was too great. Her pretty eyes filled with tears and she began to sob violently.

The college graduate felt like a culprit. He tried to comfort her, but she would have none of him. He had to leave her there weeping wildly into a silk pillow on the couch.

The college graduate went home very thoughtful, and when he reached his lodgings he got out his copy of the monthly and read his poem. He could feel himself blushing as he read it. When he had finished he flung the magazine into the open fireplace. A half-finished verse beginning, "Love, thou hast forgotten, but my heart," followed the magazine. It was the beginning of the end, and the college graduate was cured.

Meanwhile a very angry young lady had found her way tearfully to her room and turned the key in her door. A leaf had been wrenched from a magazine and cast, in a thousand fragments, into the waste-paper basket. The college graduate was not the only one that had been cured.

### The Kinetograph.

(Continued from page 224.)

three times. They are taken in a building of irregular form specially devoted to that purpose and so constructed as to move with the sun. At the laboratory this building is known as "the Black Maria." Its interior is sombre-hued, and a state of Egyptian darkness prevails there except when objects or persons are being photographed, when an aperture in the roof is opened to admit the rays of the sun. Altogether, the structure resembles nothing so much as a gigantic camera-obscure. A curious feature of the kinetoscope's reproduction is that the stationary parts of the picture do not move, but remain absolutely fixed, and this contributes largely to the perfect naturalness of the scene represented.

The kinetoscope is the first instrument ever invented that will reproduce pure motion. There is a toy for children, the zoetrope, which may be called the prototype of the kinetoscope, and which illustrates the principle underlying the latter invention. It is an optical instrument which exhibits pictures as in life and in action, depending, like the thaumatope, on the persistence of vision. This toy, however, is a very crude device, and when set in motion produces a series of jerky movements which do not even approximate true motion. One distinguishing feature of the kinetoscope is that it photographs from life itself, and "then reproduces the movement and appearance of life with such truth of action that if colors could only be given at the same time, the illusion that one was looking at something really alive would be absolute."

The model exhibited recently by Mr. Edison in his laboratory at Orange, New Jersey, represents only one part of the complete principle involved in the invention, *i.e.*, the kinetoscope feature. As already intimated, the kinetoscope

is to be combined and used in connection with the phonograph, and when this combination is effected we will have the duplex sensation of vision and sound. The model referred to resembles in appearance a nickel-in-the-slot phonograph, and to see the moving figures it is necessary to look through a peep-hole in which there is a magnifying-glass, in the same way that stereoscopic pictures are viewed. With the phono-kinetoscope it is the intention, however, to project the pictures, by means of a magic lantern, on a screen, and this Mr. Edison has actually accomplished. The figures will be life size, and in addition to seeing their movements on a curtain, an audience will be able to hear plainly their words, together with every accompanying sound, as in the original. The appearance of this improved machine will be awaited with much interest, as its possibilities as a source of amusement alone seem to be unlimited. By means of it grand opera can be produced in our drawing-rooms, the music, vocal and instrumental, and every facial expression and gesture of the actors, being repeated with lifelike exactness. Post-prandial orations can be repeated to admiring audiences hundreds of years after their delivery. Had a phono-kinetoscope been available when Mitchell and Corbett fought at Jacksonville, it would have been possible, a few days later, to exhibit to an audience, say in Madison Square Garden, New York, every detail of the fight, from start to finish, with all the accompanying stir.

The kinetograph's last subject was no less a personage than Sandow, a veritable son of Milo in health, strength, and superb physical development. The group of portraits which accompany this article, and which are reproductions of the kinetographic originals, represent Sandow performing his eight well-known movements for the distension of the muscles. The impressions secured were pronounced perfect, and when placed in the kinetoscope and the various movements reproduced, the result was simply startling. Notwithstanding that Sandow, as pictured in the machine, is only about an inch high, his splendid muscular development is immediately discernible. His every movement before the photographing apparatus is reproduced with extraordinary naturalness and exactness; every tremor of his gigantic biceps is again brought before the eye, and the action and uses of the various muscles are shown with extreme lifelikeness and reality. The New York public will have an opportunity of viewing these Sandow pictures soon, as it is the intention to exhibit them in that city when the kinetoscope is ready for introduction to the public.

Another series of illustrations accompanying this article represent two acrobats performing handstands, somersaults, etc., on the floor, and were taken from life.

The advent of the kinetoscope would seem to rob of their application the words of Burns:

"Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

This power Edison has now given to us.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.

### The Coxe Folly.

THERE were assembled in Massillon, Ohio, on Easter Sunday, more representatives of the leading newspapers of the land than had ever gathered in any city in this country at any one time to cover any news event, with the exception only of the Republican and Democratic National Conventions of recent years. The enterprise to which their attention was directed was a movement jointly conceived by J. S. Coxe, of Massillon, Ohio, and Carl Browne, of Calistoga, California. Mr. Coxe is a reputable and responsible business man, engaged in quarrying Ohio freestone and raising horses. During the greater part of his adult life he has been interested in those peculiar movements which for the sake of convenience are designated by the word "reform." Mr. Browne is a picturesque dreamer of dreams. Going into California a few years after the war, he forsook his trade as a painter and became involved in all the local labor movements on the Pacific coast, taking a conspicuous part in the anti-Chinese crusade, and thereafter picking up the peculiar financial doctrine of the People's party.

Some three years ago, when this country was enjoying such prosperity as it had never experienced, Mr. Coxe completed the first draft of a bill providing for the issue of five hundred million dollars of irredeemable paper money, to be expended in the construction of good roads throughout the United States. In the circular-letter accompanying this bill he took occasion to expand upon the deplorable condition of the wage-earning class, and drew a picture of industrial stagnation and ruin which, without the change of a line, a word, or a figure, he utilized at the beginning of this year, when,

with an energy and persistency he had never before exhibited, he forced this measure upon the attention of the public. Though a man of some means and unspeakable enthusiasm, Mr. Coxe did not succeed in securing a hold on the public mind until chance threw him and Carl Browne together in Chicago last fall. This accidental meeting led to a permanent friendship and exchange of confidences, during which Mr. Browne disclosed to Mr. Coxe his scheme for organizing a procession of Chicago's unemployed, for the purpose of proceeding to Washington by easy stages, there to demand of Congress something, he knew not precisely what, but described by the general term "relief." But this scheme of Browne's, brilliant as it was, he was incapable of executing, for lack of financial means. The two, therefore, pooled their issues, and Mr. Coxe returned home. Then followed those disorders on the Lake Front in the World's Fair city, in which Browne took such an active part that he was ordered by Carter Harrison to leave the town.

On returning to Massillon Mr. Coxe gave Browne's proposal serious consideration, and decided that it would be wiser, easier, and more certain to bring lasting fame to himself to make Massillon the seat of operations. Browne was sent for and arrived in November, and with Coxe furnishing the sinews of war and himself supplying the details for the campaign, a flood of bulletins, proclamations, and fulminations was scattered broadcast over this country, and the movement was begun.

In the meantime Coxe had become possessed of another idea which has become as important as the first, which he desires to have ingrafted upon the laws of this country. Briefly described, this idea is that the States, counties, and municipal corporations of this country should be permitted to issue bonds without interest, for a practically unlimited amount, and the national government required, upon request, to accept these bonds and exchange therefor treasury notes up to the limit of the bond issue, less one per cent. for the cost of printing; these bonds to be redeemed at the rate of four per cent. per year and the treasury notes utilized for public improvements. The two bills, one called the Good Roads bill and the other facetiously called the "Non-Interesting Bond bill," embrace the economic principle in which Messrs. Coxe and Browne are so deeply interested.

On January 23d of this year, their expectation of organizing a procession to march to Washington, was first given to the public. The well-known determination of Mr. Coxe, his responsibility as a business man, and his reputation as a horseman enabled him to command the almost immediate attention of the reading public, and this attention was by no means decreased by reason of his association with Mr. Browne, whose leather coat, cowboy hat, and wild-west style make him a marked figure wherever he goes. Nor was attention diminished when to their economic doctrine these twin souls announced that they had been favored with a revelation from on high, confirming their belief that by the passage of their bills the country would be granted the speedy and permanent relief of which it is in such need. Nor was this all. Mr. Browne went further than to declare his revelation, by proclaiming what he was pleased to call a "natural theosophy" that was flashed into his mind in the dead of night while he sat by his dying wife in California. This doctrine is that the human soul is not an entity, but a composite re-incarnation of many other souls. Mr. Browne's theory is that after that change we call death the soul is resolved into unknown and undefinable elements, just as the body returns to the reservoirs of nature containing gases, salts, and sugars. Mr. Coxe claimed no personal revelation, but his faith in Browne was so great that he swallowed this doctrine and makes it scarcely less conspicuous than his views on political economy. Browne's revelation did not end here, for he presumes to say that in his soul is re-incarnated a portion of the soul of Jesus Christ, that the remainder of the soul of Christ is re-incarnated in many other persons, and that to him is vouchsafed the power of recognizing that perfect spark wherever it may be. He dares to say in this, the evening of the nineteenth century, that the two Coxe bills will pass Congress by the 15th of May, because the organization of this industrial procession will mass in Washington all the re-incarnated portions of the Saviour's soul, and thus, for the first time in eighteen hundred years, that great spirit will have been brought together, an effective entity once more, against which the powers of hell shall not prevail.

It is extremely doubtful whether Browne's natural theosophy has given working strength to the cause, but it made excellent material for newspaper stories, and the appetite of the public for Coxe-Browne literature was apparently

without limit; and the publications led to a whirlwind of correspondence pledging recruits, financial aid, and sympathy. That the most of these letters were the emanations of the great American practical joker mattered little, for the ignorant, blind, and even vicious classes to which appeal was made were unable to separate the wheat from the chaff, and even the joker furnished grist for the Coxe mill.

This brings the history of the Coxe movement up to the morning of Easter Day, when this procession, called the Commonwealth of Christ, set out from Massillon about one hundred strong, headed by Coxe and Browne. Before Canton, where the first camp was pitched, had been reached several of the recruits had fallen out of the ranks, preferring the shelter of friendly barns to the exposure of a march through a snow-storm. Banners were numerous in the line, and many bore Scriptural quotations. Some denounced banks, others the government, and some abused Congress. "Christ is our Leader" headed the procession. At this writing it is quite apparent that the demonstration will prove, as every man of common sense has anticipated, a ridiculous failure.

ROBERT P. SKINNER.

### The Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

THE popular ideal of the American soldier is built upon the crack regiments of our various State national guards. In Baltimore it is the Fifth Maryland, in Chicago the First Illinois; in New Orleans the Washington Artillery; in Charleston the Washington Light Infantry; in Boston the Cadet Corps, Lancers, and Honorable Artillery; in Philadelphia the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, First Regiment Infantry, or State Fencibles; in Pittsburg the old "Duchess Greys," now the Eighteenth Regiment, in Brooklyn the Twenty-third, Forty-second, or Fourteenth regiments; here in New York we have several favorites—the Twenty-second, Seventy-first, Sixty-ninth (now only a battalion), Troop A, and the two batteries; but when there is a parade there is nothing stirs the people like sight of those double cross-belts and gray coats, and the cry goes up: "Here comes the Seventh!"

On the 29th ult. the Seventh Regiment, National Guard State of New York, celebrated by imposing ceremonies the freeing from debt of its magnificent armory at Sixty-seventh Street and Park Avenue. Nearly one million dollars has been spent on the building and its furnishings, every dollar of which was raised by members of the regiment and their friends. As it has been the first in the military annals of the Empire State in times of peace and war, so now it is again at the front as the first and only military organization in New York to own its armory, which places it entirely out of the control of the Armory Board.

The Seventh as an organization dates back to 1824, although the nucleus out of which it had its being existed many years previous in the Second Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment of Artillery, New York State Militia. This battalion, composed of four companies, was equipped as infantry, and the officers and men had long desired and frequently expressed their wish to form a new regiment, which should be essentially infantry and be composed of the best class of citizens. It was not, however, until the year 1824 that these ambitions took definite shape. The organization then created was first called the "Battalion of National Guard, but afterward it was known as the Twenty-seventh Regiment of National Guard. The honor of forming the organization belongs to Battalion-Major John D. Wilson, Captain Prosper M. Wetmore, who was brigade-major on General Benedict's staff, and to the captains of the four companies of the old artillery battalion, namely, Irad Hawley, John Telfair, William B. Curtis, and Howard A. Simons. The selection of a gray uniform for the new organization was determined by an accidental circumstance. On the occasion of the reception of the Marquis de Lafayette, on August 15th, 1824, the Eleventh Regiment occupied a conspicuous position in the column and was reviewed by him during his visit. Lafayette was connected with the Garde National of Paris, so at a meeting held at the Shakespeare Tavern, August 25th, 1824, the name National Guard was adopted and was not borne by any other organization until 1862, when the Legislature of the State of New York passed a law that the entire State militia should be known as National Guard. The much-mooted question of uniform was also settled on the morning of Lafayette's arrival. Sergeant Philetus H. Holt wore that day a close-fitting gray business coat with brass buttons, and Majors Wetmore and John D. Wilson were so struck with the military effect of the gray, that on August 30th it was adopted unanimously.

Our space does not permit us to trace the history and career of the organization from that time forward. In 1826 it became the Twenty-seventh Regiment of State militia. In 1847 it became the Seventh. In 1849 it rendered notable service in suppressing the Astor Place riots caused by the rivalry created by the partisans of Edwin Forrest as against Macready, the English tragedian. In 1855 it was called out on St. Patrick's day, during the Know Nothing excitement, and again during the "Dead Rabbit" riots, which resulted from Mayor Fernando Wood's defiance of the law creating the Metropolitan Police Board. In 1859, with Marshall Lefferts as its colonel, it took possession of its new quarters over Tompkins Market. It was here the regiment received the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and hence it marched, on April 19th, 1861, to the defense of the national capital. Its services in those early and perilous days of the Civil War are still fresh in the recollection of a grateful people.

The present officers are: Daniel Appleton, Colonel; George Moore Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel; William H. Kip, Major First Battalion; James C. Abrams, Major Second Battalion; Francis G. Landon, Adjutant; John F. Long, Quartermaster; Walter G. Schuyler, Commissary of Subsistence; William H. Palmer, Inspector of Rifle Practice; Daniel M. Stinson and William A. Valentine, Surgeons; and the Rev. David H. Greer, Chaplain.

The company commanders are Captains Augustus W. Conover, A; Daniel A. Nesbitt, B; Don Alonzo Pollard, C; William C. Fisk, D; George B. Rhoades, E; George W. Rand, F; James B. Dewson, G; Charles F. Lydecker, H; James Thorne Harper, I; and Eugene T. Kirtland, K. With the exception of the chaplain every one of these officers has risen from the ranks of the regiment to the position he now holds. It is due entirely to the efforts of such officers and men that their armory, the grandest in the possession of any national-guard organization, is free from debt.

H. P. M.

### FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

ANY applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00, to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

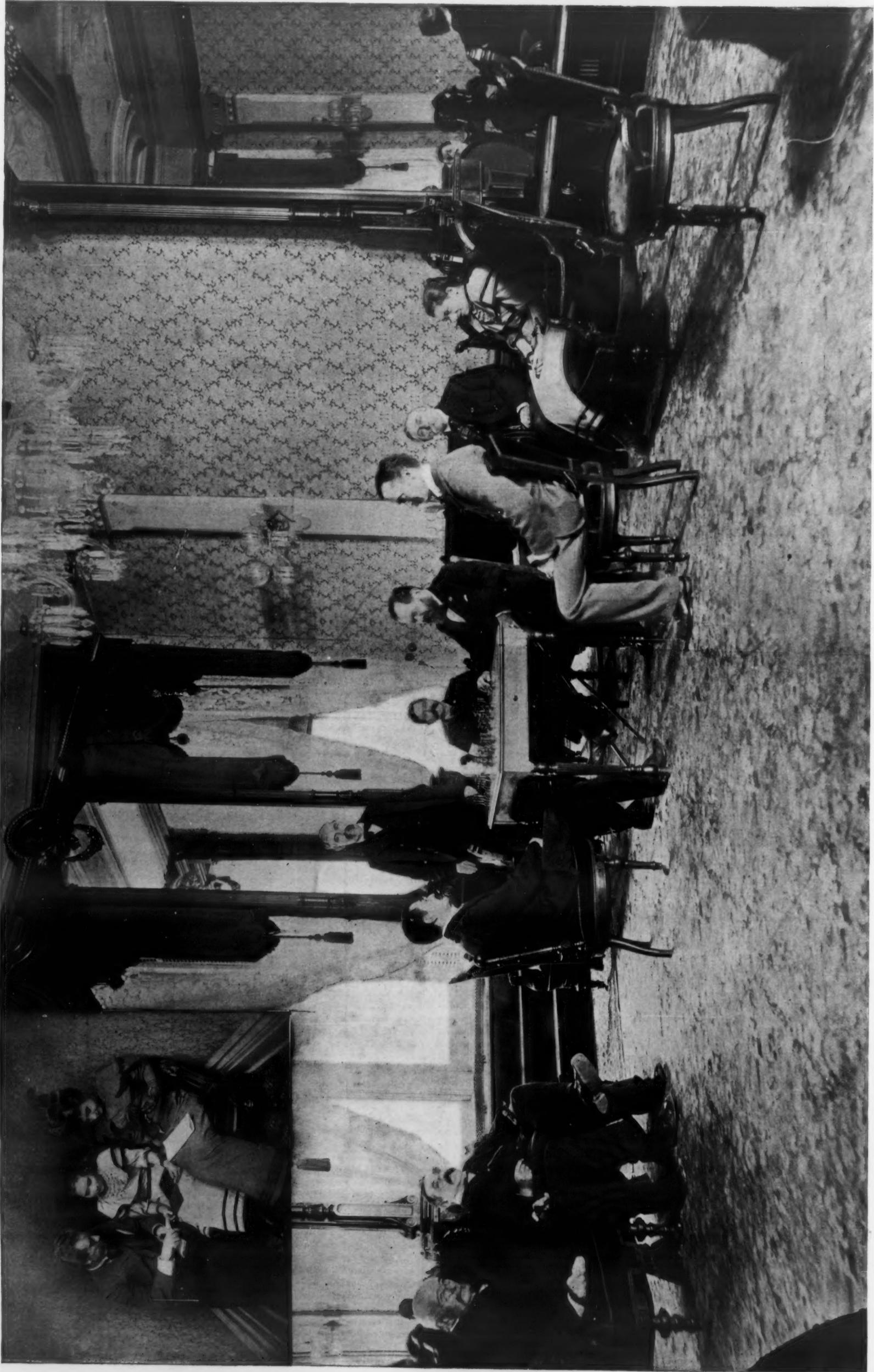
### Senator Edward Murphy, Jr.

A FACE expressive of persistence rather than force, and of well-defined powers of calculation. It does not in any way bear the stamp of a great mind or very able intellect, but shrewdness is to be seen, ability to combine, and a certain degree of concentrative power and wariness. The mind is clear and quick, is capable of cleverness, but is lacking in solidity. The gaze of the eyes is shifting in quality, is expressive of thought held back, of idea concealed. Will



SENATOR EDWARD MURPHY, JR.

power is not indicated in the usual forms, and yet this is a character which is not easily turned aside from a purpose in view. It possesses tenacity, and is deficient in that moral discrimination which denies to some weapons available to others. In this hand a weapon is a weapon—a thing with which to conquer; and small scruples are trifles, which, if discovered at all, are easily overcome. Much about the face is expressive of weakness, of lack of true strength, and the whole is eloquent of self-centered passions, moral instability, but with also individuality and a certain touch of magnetic attraction. A dangerous power this latter, and one ill placed in unscrupulous hands.



THE CHESS-MATCH BETWEEN THE CHAMPION STEINITZ AND LASKER FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.—FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE NOTES ON THE CONTEST BY SAM LOYD ON PAGE 230.]

Showalter giving points to his daughter and to Mrs. Showalter, the most brilliant woman chess-player in the world.





THE BOAT-HOUSE.



MAKING READY FOR AN AFTERNOON'S PRACTICE.



THE FIRST SPIN OF THE SEASON.



BRINGING OUT THE BOAT.

"As was predicted last week in these columns, Longacre has gone back into the Yale boat, and Treadway is again rowing seven. It looks now as though Captain Johnson would continue to stroke unless experience proves that he is absolutely unfitted for the position, and such an outcome seems improbable."

THE YALE UNIVERSITY CREW BEGINS ITS OUT-OF-DOORS PRACTICE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMENT.—[SEE OUR WEEKLY ARTICLE, "THE AMATEUR AFIELD," ON PAGE 230.]

## THE AMATEUR AT FIELD

As was predicted last week in these columns, Longacre has gone back into the Yale boat and Treadway is again rowing seven. It looks now as though Captain Johnson would continue to stroke unless experience proves that he is absolutely unfitted for the position, and such an outcome seems improbable. If by any chance, however, Johnson should resume his old place in the bow, some of the people familiar with Yale rowing would not be surprised to see John Howland pulling stroke. Howland is a good oar and has several times almost succeeded in making the eight. He is not trying this year, partly because he is near the end of his college course and partly because he thinks he is not needed. But better strokes than Howland are not made every day, and it is not impossible that Yale may depend on him this year. There is yet no indication that he will be needed, for Johnson may prove himself a satisfactory man.

At New Haven there seems to be abundance of material for every position except stroke, and the difficult thing will be to pick out the best men. The coaches seem to have no fear of heavy candidates, for some of them are strapping fellows. At Harvard, on the contrary, there is absolutely no material worth speaking of, and the men are very light. The crimson has one advantage over the blue now that the Harvard coaches have gotten rid of the foolish whim that a good seven is better than a good stroke; Fennessy is a better man in the stern of the shell than Yale will be likely to find. At that point Harvard's advantage ends and everywhere else Yale is much better off.

But boating at Harvard seems to be in much better hands and on a much surer foundation this year than for some time past, and it really looks as though some satisfactory system of bringing out graduate coaches had been found. Perkins, of course, is in charge; his recent experience and his residence at Cambridge make him the most available man. Keyes has already been in Cambridge this season more than he was last, Colonel Bancroft has coached the crew on more than one afternoon, and Mr. Watson is to appear; by this time the eight may have had the advantage of his suggestions. All these things show that Harvard has started in the right way.

But with all the good coaching which Bancroft, Watson and Keyes can give, the Harvard eight will do remarkably well if it gives Yale a good race. It seems at this time impossible to win with such men in the boat. Waters, last year's foot-ball captain, has been induced to row, and Newell, who has rowed for three years, may once again be called on. Three or four heavy, strong men with even a slight knowledge of rowing would be very welcome in Cambridge.

The base-ball indications are that Harvard will not be able successfully to compete with Princeton and Yale. The New Jersey players are doing remarkably well in their early games and seem to be strong where they have needed a good man for the last two years—behind the bat. Williams gives every promise of being a first-class back-stop, although he is a weak hitter. Altman and Bradley are good pitchers. Altman has had more experience than Bradley and will probably do most of the work in the important games, but the young man who pitched for the Lawrenceville team last year should not be lost sight of. He is likely to turn out as good a pitcher as any who have trodden the base-ball diamond for some years past. Princeton has a fairly good fielding nine, the best second baseman of them all, and some of the players are heavy hitters. With Carter back five feet further than he was last year, Yale may not, after all, have such an easy time defeating the wearers of the orange and black.

Whether or not Carter will be as effective as he was last year is an important question to Yale and to the other colleges as well. The New Haven base-ball men evidently think he will be just as hard to hit, but a number of professional experts have said that from a politic point of view Yale was foolish to consent to the change. Many pitchers who were extremely effective at the old distance are nothing more than ordinary now, and all experience proves that the effect of the change is very hard to determine. Carter was effective last year chiefly on account of his jump ball, something which a right-handed pitcher seldom has, although it is common with left-handed men. Now, with five feet additional in front of them, batters may be able to watch that jump ball and get a better idea of where it is going. Still Carter will receive some of the best of them.

Harvard is badly in need of a second baseman. A few weeks ago it was said that R D Wrenn, the champion lawn-tennis player, who

has played base-ball before, would try for second base, but it has transpired that he is on what is called athletic probation, and that the college faculty will not allow him to train. In most of the practice Hapgood, who was substitute third baseman last year, has been tried at second but he is far from satisfactory. Whittemore has been moved from short-stop to second base, and within a few days young Dean, of the freshman class, has played short-stop. This move shows the hard lines Captain Wiggin must walk in. Dean is a midget even in comparison with Murphy of Yale fame, and almost his only recommendation is the fact that his brother, D. S. Dean, was an excellent ball player. The younger man has plenty of grit and determination, but will have to weigh seventy-five pounds more before he can be considered heavy enough for a university team. Cook is playing third base for Harvard, and Dickinson is covering first. The outfield has not been decided upon. Harvard has played no games during the spring recess, as the management has realized the extremely weak condition of the nine.

Amherst, which won the championship last year in its league with Dartmouth and Williams, is not, on paper at any rate, so strong as it was last season. Colby, who at the old distance in an occasional game was one of the best college pitchers in the country, will be very much affected by the additional five feet he must throw the ball. He was always weak physically, and will lose much of his speed unless he has entirely recovered from the strain he received last summer, and even if he has he will hardly be able to last through a hard, long game. Some of last year's substitutes will have to do most of the work in the box. Gregory is a good man when he can keep the ball under control.

The Amherst infield is also badly broken up by the loss of the first and third basemen, and a new catcher must be developed. The outfield is strong, however, and Captain Stearns at second base is as good as King; some people think the Amherst man the more valuable. Unless three or four good men are found the team will hardly win the championship.

Williams has almost all of its old men to depend on, and is especially fortunate in having Captain Draper behind the bat, where he can coach the pitchers. There are three promising candidates—Clark, Lewis, and Lynch—for the box. All have had some experience. The infield will be the same one which played last season. Williams seems to have the best chance of winning the pennant.

Dartmouth will put several new men in the field. Carleton and Linsmore are good pitchers, and Tabor, a freshman, has entered college with a reputation. Abbott will probably catch, although Captain Huff may be behind the bat; he is more likely to play first base. Dartmouth is being coached by Ranney, O'Connor, and Abbott, each one of whom knows enough about the game to turn out a strong team, but the Hanover men say they hardly expect to win the championship this year. The Williams team is the only one of the three which has taken a spring trip.

## The Trial of the Thirteen-inch Rifle.

SCARCELY any other event in the creation of the new navy, except the launching and trials of the ships themselves, has approached in importance the test of the battle-ship's heavy gun on the 21st ult. The Vice-President of the United States, several members of the Cabinet, and a large number of members of Congress, which had adjourned for the purpose, attended it. It was proper that every means should be taken to lend dignity to the occasion. These great guns are built for the defense of our coast, not the capture of an enemy's commerce; the destruction of material and the crippling of ships, not the maiming of individual combatants. Each battle-ship will carry four of these monster guns, mounted in pairs in revolving turrets of fourteen inches of hard-faced nickel-steel armor. The ammunition will add two hundred tons to the weights aboard ship, as it consists of two hundred and forty rounds, each of eleven hundred pounds of shell and five hundred and fifty pounds of brown prismatic powder.

The muzzles of the guns are elevated to obtain greater range by means of a hydraulic piston secured to the rear end of the slide in which the gun recoils. The front end of this slide is hinged to brackets bolted to the beams in the floor of the turret. In the test at the naval proving-ground, these brackets are bolted to a heavy iron plate bedded in the ground. As action and reaction are opposite and equal, the projectile energy of 33,627 foot-tons—equal, for the time it is exerted, to the combined horse

powers of all the commissioned men-of-war in our navy—is balanced by an equal thrust on the recoiling gun. The latter, with its great weight, is checked gradually by forcing a piston into a cylinder filled with fluid which is constrained to escape through small openings. The projectile, on the other hand, will slip through a twenty-five-inch wall of steel at a distance of a mile and a half.

The breech mechanism is a modified Farcot type. One man, by sixteen continuous turns of a crank, unlocks the ponderous breech-plug, withdraws it, and turns it aside clear for loading. The ammunition hoist raises the shell from the loading chamber below until it is opposite the breech opening; a hydraulic piston advances and shoves the half-ton projectile eight feet forward, through screw-box and powder-chamber, to its position in the bore, withdraws and repeats the operation with the powder charge, made up in four cylindrical packets. Sixteen more turns of the crank and the breech is closed, an electric primer is introduced, and the gun is ready for firing. The turret is trained and the gun elevated by means of valves in the sighting hood above. There, too, is the electric button, on which the pressure of an ounce will let loose the terrible force of an earthquake, with all the appalling possibilities of failure and national defeat, or success with victory and the safety of a coast.

The recent test of the thirteen-inch gun at Indian Head proving-ground was eminently satisfactory. Two rounds were fired. Each of the projectiles weighed 1,100 pounds. The first one had behind it 420 pounds of powder, the second one 480 pounds. The first shot had a velocity of 1,720 foot-seconds. The second shot, with a heavier charge, attained a velocity of 1,975 foot-seconds. Both shots were fired at a bank of soft earth about four hundred yards away. It was estimated that each shot went about thirty feet into the earth.

On the same occasion there was a test of a 12-inch nickel-steel Harveyized plate manufactured by the Carnegie Company, which included incidentally a trial of the Johnston cast-iron shells. The plate was attacked by a 10-inch gun at a distance of 400 yards; a Johnston shell being thrown by a charge of 240 pounds of powder. The shot penetrated the target about four inches and rebounded badly shattered. Apparently the plate was not damaged. In another test a service, forged-steel, armor-piercing projectile was used. The shot weighed 500 pounds and had 240 pounds of powder behind it. It penetrated about five inches, the point remaining imbedded in the plate. The impact of the second shot damaged the plate seriously, but in neither case did the shot get through the plate.

A. A. ACKERMAN.

## The King's Highway.

A sign-post gray with years and rain,  
Pointing with outstretched hand to-day  
Adown the narrow, shady lane  
Directs me "To the King's Highway."

And looking through the trees which stand  
Like sentinels on either side,  
I nigh expect to see a band  
Of fierce red-coated soldiers ride.

I know full well this road which runs  
Through vale and wood has echoed oft  
With rattle of the six-pound guns,  
While the king's banner waved aloft.

And here, where two roads meet and cross,  
The dragons may have camped and slept  
While the poor trooper's weary horse  
Through the cool forest shadows crept.

Here at the turn the sentries stood  
To halt the farm-boy with his flail,  
Who, zealous for his country's good,  
The king's trained soldiers dared assail.

Thus musing in the twilight gray  
I well-nigh see the camp-fire's gleams—  
The sign-post "To the King's Highway"  
Points to a pleasant land of dreams.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

## The Chess Championship-ship Match.

THE contest for the chess championship of the world, now in progress in this city, between William Steinitz, the present holder of the title, and Emanuel Lasker, is admittedly the greatest chess match on record since the time when Paul Morphy won for America the sceptre which had successively been held by the masters of Spain, France, England, and Germany.

Peculiar circumstances have combined to impart to this contest a more intense interest than was excited by any of the great matches which have preceded it of late years. Aside from the mere question of individual mastery, or the merits or demerits of opposing schools, comes the matter of national pride, in that Steinitz, who has defended the championship so well, is claimed as an American citizen.

The royal game, which is played the same the world over, is recognized as a sort of volapuk, whereby, irrespective of language or nationality, intellectual battles may be fought upon a common vantage-ground. It is safe, therefore, to assert that the present battle of brains is being watched with lively interest from every portion of the habitable globe, the sequence of events which led up to the meeting of the mental giants being known throughout the world of chessdom.

William Steinitz, who has successfully defended the championship title against all comers for upward of a quarter of a century, was born in Prague, Bohemia, in 1836. He learned chess at an early age from a tutor, and while completing his education at Vienna came into prominence by winning several club tournaments. He was selected by the Austrian players to represent them at the London international tournament of 1862, from which date his eventful career as a chess-master commenced.

Since that time he has won prizes in twelve international tournaments, and been successful in twenty-one set matches. He stoutly maintains that match play is the only true criterion whereby to gauge a master's skill; nevertheless, it is a most remarkable coincidence to find that out of a grand total of one hundred and ninety-six tournament games he won one hundred and thirty-six, lost twenty-six, and drew thirty-four; and that during his twenty-one matches he also won exactly one hundred and twenty-six games, lost forty-four, and drew forty-seven.

It may be said that he gained the title of the chess champion of the world in 1866, when he defeated Anderssen, of Breslau, by the score of eight to six, as Morphy had already retired from the field. Those who are best qualified to judge maintain that Steinitz has steadily improved his game, and is a better player to-day than at any previous time of his life; and that in case he should lose the present match he would probably be the first to recognize the fact that the standard of play is advancing.

Emanuel Lasker, the youthful aspirant for championship honors, was born in 1868 in Berlinchen, a small town in Prussia, so that he is now in his twenty-sixth year. He learned the moves from his brother, Dr. Lasker, also a noted chess-master and winner of many tournaments. He first came into prominence in 1889, when in a tournament held at the Kaiserhof of Berlin he carried off the first prize without the loss of a single game. A feat which he has repeated upon many occasions since, notably during his recent matches in London, and in the last International Master's Tournament in New York. His phenomenal record is so well known that it is needless to refer to his sequence of victories over the chess-masters of both hemispheres; the entire world recognizes in Lasker the most promising aspirant for championship honors who has yet appeared upon the chess horizon.

As neither of the champions has known defeat, or even been put to his best, and as both are confident of victory, it is difficult to predict the outcome of such a remarkable contest, which seems to involve the soundness or fallacy of opposing theories of play. Steinitz is the founder of the modern-school principle of cumulative small advantages, position play, and cautious tactics. It has been well said that by dint of hard study and indomitable courage Steinitz battled his way to the topmost round of the ladder, and then proposed to remodel the principles of chess.

Lasker has been looked upon as a mysterious unknown quantity, who can be as brilliant as Morphy or Blackburne, or as cautious as Steinitz or Mason, just as occasion demands. As a rule he makes the right move at the right time, knows when to be cautious or bold, how to produce a complication, and how to dissolve it by a subtle stroke of play. He is as noted for his brilliant attack as Steinitz is for his impregnable tenacious defense, and the probable solution of such a meeting is akin to the proverbial paradox of the irresistible coming in contact with the immovable.

The champions have met, and after measuring their strength find themselves at the end of the fourth game with honors evenly divided. The games were models of chess play, rich with innovations, deep combinations, and brilliant coups; nevertheless, to the lookers-on it was apparent that there has been but a preliminary skirmish before the gladiators lock horns in a conflict which will call forth their utmost powers.

After eight games have been played in New York the battle-field will be removed to Philadelphia, and from there to Montreal, where it will be fought out to a finish. The winner of ten games will receive the stakes of two thousand dollars a side, and be enrolled on the immortal line of chess kings. SAM LOYD.



**A Waif from the Nest.**

**Something about Robins.**

By Charles McIlvaine.

As far back as my memory goes, I remember a pair of robins that yearly built their nest in a balm of Gilead at one end of the columned porch fronting the old homestead. Perhaps this scented tree of Syria held them these many years good tenants by its rich perfume; maybe the joyousness and plenty of a farmer's home made them faithful septs of his house; for robins love good company.

One spring a storm dashed their nest to the ground. No more sincere mourners ever attended a bird funeral than the children of Springton Manor Farm. We buried three of the nestlings under a cherry-tree, in the firm belief that the cherries then ripening would be consoling to their feathered ghosts. We raised the fourth by hand.

Dicky, so we called our foundling robin for the reason that his tail-feathers were early prominent from under his staring coat, grew rapidly and soon became the mastering baby of the house.

He never knew the restraint of cage-bars. At table or play, book or sleep, in house or field, he was a constant, busy, chirpy companion. His curiosity was unbounded. Work-baskets were junk-shops to be overhauled; mantel-pieces were art-galleries to be admired; closets were grim caverns to be peered into, book-cases mysteries to be investigated. He paraded the meal table, pompous and exacting as an old-time abbot taking tithes. He did not touch the well-filled dishes, but demanded of each easter selected morsels, and got them. When roosting time came he forsook his juvenile playmates to seek night protection in the room of a maiden aunt. "Where merry larks are plowmen's clocks"—such is Shakespeare's pretty analogy. Dicky pecked the dawn-time on the hollow cheeks of the dear old lady, and wakened her, smiling, to her days of goodness.

When the polk-berries were ripe and rich in color as the purple of royal Caesar, when the gum-trees swarmed with his kind, seeking their shot-like fruit, Dicky was often truant from the home table, and returned from his absence of hours with tell-tale dyes upon his beak, or craw corpulent from nature's banquet.

When the grasshoppers took death-grips to hang their rusty skeletons on deadening grass stalks and sturdy fence-rails; when beetles laid feet upward and earthworms bored their drifts beyond the reach of coming frosts, Dicky grew restless under the working of that instinct called migratory in birds and Bohemian in men. He joined wandering flocks of birds on predatory ranges; he began to stay out at night, and to give other showings of robin and men independence upon reaching their majority.

Below the old forge of Springton, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, there is a wide marsh, alder-grown, oak-tufted, coursed by a mill-race paved with mussels and garnished with water-cress. Here, from time first told of in local legend, the robins have had their lodging quarters. When the sun's rays are sheared short and suddenly by the sharp outline of the Welsh Mountains and cutting peaks of the barren hills, and the sun goes tailless to bed, flocks of robins come from all directions to roost in the swampy jungle, which neither man nor beast can penetrate, nor ought but owls and hawks disturb. They have roosting companions by the thousands in cow buntings, purple grackles, with now and then a green heron as aristocratic company.

Here the limb-berths were nightly occupied until the leaf curtains began to fall, the corn-fields became rowed with yellow tents, and feeding-grounds were bare of bug and seed. Then, family after family, flock after flock, the birds flew southward in search of more plentiful fare and climate suiting their fixed feathery allowance of bed covers. A few hardy robin families remain behind from choice—care-takers, as it were, of snug retreats, or from love of their ancestral haunts. These winter in the North, and are the first to jingle their merry song-notes in welcome of spring's coming. Whether robins, like pigeons, guineas, and many other birds, mate for life, I do not know. The evidence weighs in favor of their constancy; but certain it is that these tribes of hardy birds which do not winter in warm latitudes are the

first to nest, and thus raise the hardiest of their kind.

Dicky stayed out at night. He was not suspected of dissipation. His desire to show himself a robin among robins, to show his superior knowledge in the domestic life of those who planted cherries, currants, strawberries, and like luxuries for his fellows to steal; his unique acquaintance with kitchen lore and feather beds; his knowledge of roofs and firesides, was natural. Why he forsook comfortable quarters and polite society for swamp and chatter was hard to account for. We decided that he was a victim of the youthful mania for running away from home, with its companion idiosyncrasy for travel and adventure. We were right. Dicky became more and more irregular in his habits. He certainly had a free-lunch route of his own and lodgings to his better liking. He came now and then to saucily demand a square meal or shelter from a storm. At last we saw him in the act of joining a passing band of robins, hurrying late in the evening for the swamp-roost. A few days later he failed to answer the call of breakfast-bell or dinner-horn. Weeks passed and he came not. We mourned his absence, and my aunt sorrowfully closed her window against him and breezes touched by chilling frost.

When the rabbits had beaten snow-paths along the garden fences, when the partridges came from ice-bound spring-heads to drink at the horse-trough, when snow-birds sought porch trellises for shelter and asked charity at the very door-sills, when every seed was buried deep in snowy sepulchre, and each clinging berry wore a concealing hood of white, a robin's cry would start us from fireside huddles to the doors, and pucker each mouth for "Dicky's whistle." We never lost faith in his repentance and coming.

When spring came, and North-wintered robins began their song, many a mistaken shout from juvenile vedette of "That's Dicky," hurried us scampering to give him welcome.

One bleary morning, when the Springton hills were crown deep in mist, and all things upright joined to weep away its heaviness, there was a well-known flutter and tap at the eating-room window. There was Dicky, red-breasted and natty, demanding admittance with his usual look of "Why don't you hurry up?"

He was unmistakably joyous over his home-coming, flying from one to the other members

of the family in nervous flights, testifying to his delight and memory. Those only were slighted whose turn did not come before the cravings of Dicky's craw were stronger than his affection. He suddenly left the happy group welcoming him, flew to the table, and loudly called for breakfast.

When the mist vanished we discovered that the annual tenants of the balm of Gilead had returned. Dicky had certainly arrived with them. Presumably they were his parents. Had they met and recognized their offspring on his journey to and from the South?—or had Dicky inherited their habits of migration and instincts as to time for so doing? Had he returned with the faithful couple, or was his coming due, as theirs, to a longing for their Northern home and its environments? We could not tell. Dicky, so far as we could learn, was not even on speaking terms with his possible parents.

For several years Dicky went South for his health, wintered there, and returned to us in the spring. Strange to say, he never mated. He was a bachelor robin of epicurean tastes and Bohemian habits. Maybe his constancy held him to the dear old lady whose cheeks were never turned from him. Both are gone now; but what I have told of them is from loved memories.

**Sid and the Porpoise.**

"Nay, master; said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?"—PERICLES, *Act II., Scene I.*

A DILAPIDATED yawl lay high and dry on the beach, and leaning carelessly against it was a lad who would have made a good study for an artist. His blue-jeans overalls were rolled up to his knees and held in place by one suspender, his check shirt was fastened at the throat with a piece of rope-yarn; on his head was a straw hat with a tattered brim and a fringed hole in the crown, through which protruded a lock of very curly hair; his face was covered with freckles, his hands and feet were brown, and his name was Sid Brown.

His father kept the marine railway on which the fishing-smacks, oyster-sloops, and coasting-schooners were hauled up for repairs.

Sid was what the boys in the neighborhood called a "tough nut"; he could swim like a duck, run like a deer, and sail a boat "into the wind's eye" with the best man on the beach.

He was about ten years of age, and spent the summer in clamming, crabbing, and fishing in the bay, and in the winter attended the district school on the main land.

As he leaned against the boat he was whistling softly and shaping with his jack-knife an oak block into a thole-pin for his little dingey, that lay at the water's edge and from which

protruded the handles of an eel-spear and a crabbing-net. Having finished his whittling to his satisfaction, he fitted the thole-pin into its place, pushed off his boat, jumped in and paddled slowly up the bay where, the tide being low, the sea-grass was plainly visible, making dashes here and there with his net at a stray crab and dropping the astonished and wriggling shell-fish into his boat.

He had not been long at this work when he spied the tail of a large fish about a foot above the surface of the water, right in his path. Quick as a flash and noiselessly he skipped to the bow of his boat, made a slip-noose of the painter, and waited patiently as he dropped slowly down on the fish.

As he came within reach he dropped the noose over the flukes of the tail, and with a quick jerk drew it tight; the fish felt the tightened rope and plunged and struggled to free himself, breaking through the sea-weed and making his way toward deep water. Sid sprang into the stern of his boat and was soon flying down the bay, surrounded with spray and foam, toward the outer bar.

Several fishermen who were catching oysters in deep water near the channel were very much surprised to see a small dingey harnessed to the tail of a big fish flying through the water, while a small boy with arms folded sat calmly in the stern. As the apparition flew past they instinctively pulled up their anchors and gave chase, but as a "stern chase is a long chase" they had covered several miles before the tired fish relaxed his speed and came to the surface to breathe; then, attacking him with clam-rakes and oar-butts with great vigor, he was soon obliged to give in, and several boats having "hitched on," he was slowly towed ashore, where it was discovered that Sid had harnessed his little boat to a porpoise nine feet in length.

The fatty parts were distributed among those who had participated in his capture, for porpoise-oil is highly prized by fishermen as a sure cure for sprains, bruises, and the rheumatism, and the good housewives preserved it with care, and recommending it in cases of emergency, would never fail to recount the adventure of Sid and the porpoise.

C. S. K.

**Prize Winners.**

Silver breast-pin—Katharine Stearns Haskell, South Boston, Massachusetts.

Silver scarf-pin—George Heathcote, New York City.

**Honor Roll.**

M. J. Phillips, Edith E. Lawson, Veronica Donovan, Harvey Barnes, Edna J. Hall, Jacob Stutz, Bessie Leigh Goodale, Percy T. Bayer, Jessie G. Rice, Samuel Rosenberg, Susette La Grange, John Geiger.

**Prize Offer.**

For girls, a silver folding pencil.  
For boys, a silver-handled pen-knife.  
To be awarded for the most correct and carefully-prepared answers to the following questions, which close the series upon United States history. In the children's number of May 3d will be announced the final result of the competition, and a single general prize will be awarded for the best set of answers received.

**Prize Questions—Fourth Series.**

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

1. State the leading engagements of the Civil War.
2. Name a few of the commanders prominent on each side.
3. Name decisive event, and state general results of the war.
4. Describe briefly the present condition of the country.
5. Name the Presidents of the United States in order of succession.

Answers should be received on or before April 16th, and should be addressed care Children's Editor FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This competition is open to all.

**Do You Have Asthma?**

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.\*

**A Wonderful Discovery—  
Catarrh and Consumption Cured.**

THERE is good news for our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, in the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.\*



"As he leaned against the yawl he would have made a good study for an artist."

Prosper M. Wetmore, first Colonel  
of the Regiment.



THE ARMORY, SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET AND PARK AVENUE



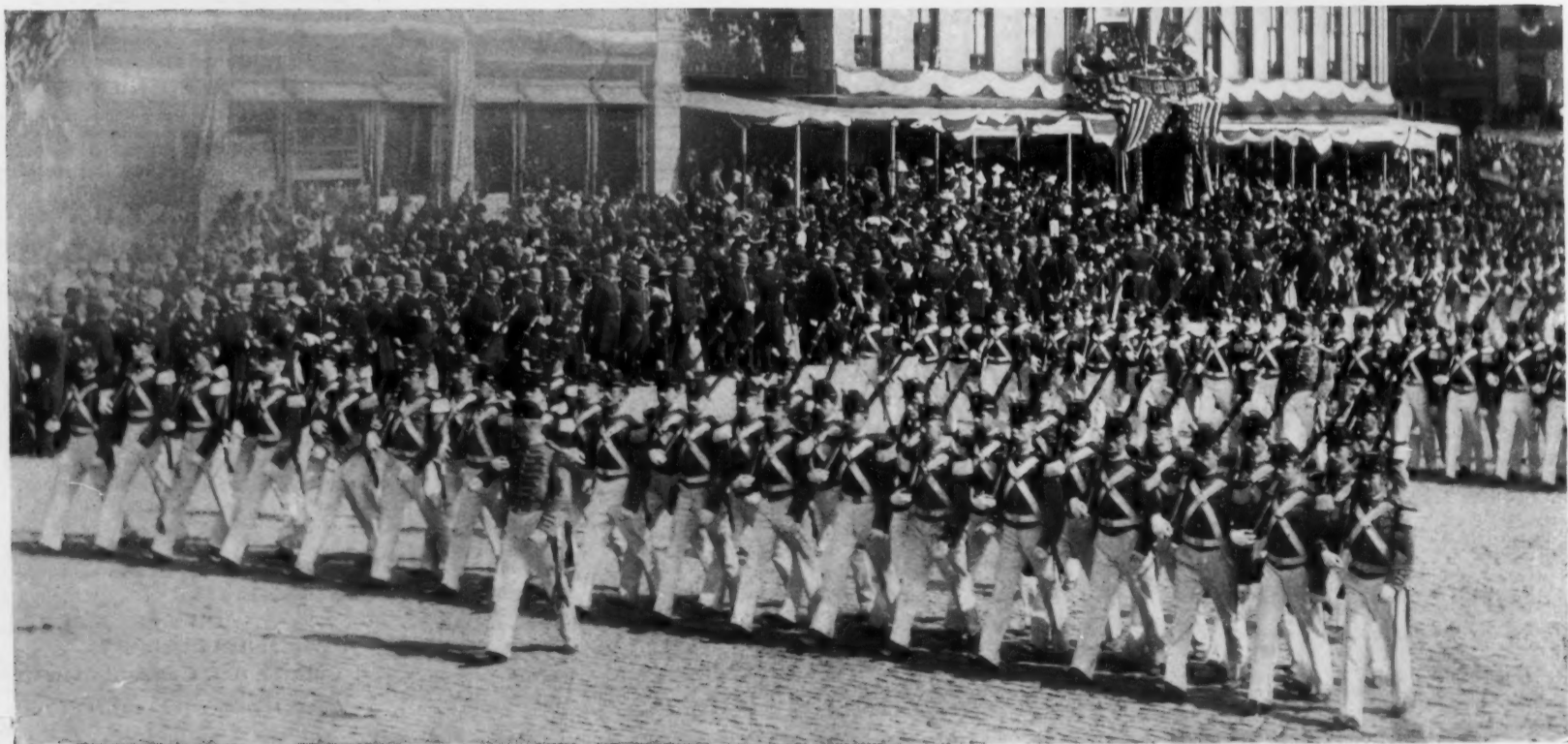
Captain. Corporal.  
Uniform of Seventh Regiment.



Chasseur Uniform. 1865-1868  
A Soldier of the Eleventh Regiment  
New York State Artillery 1815-1824



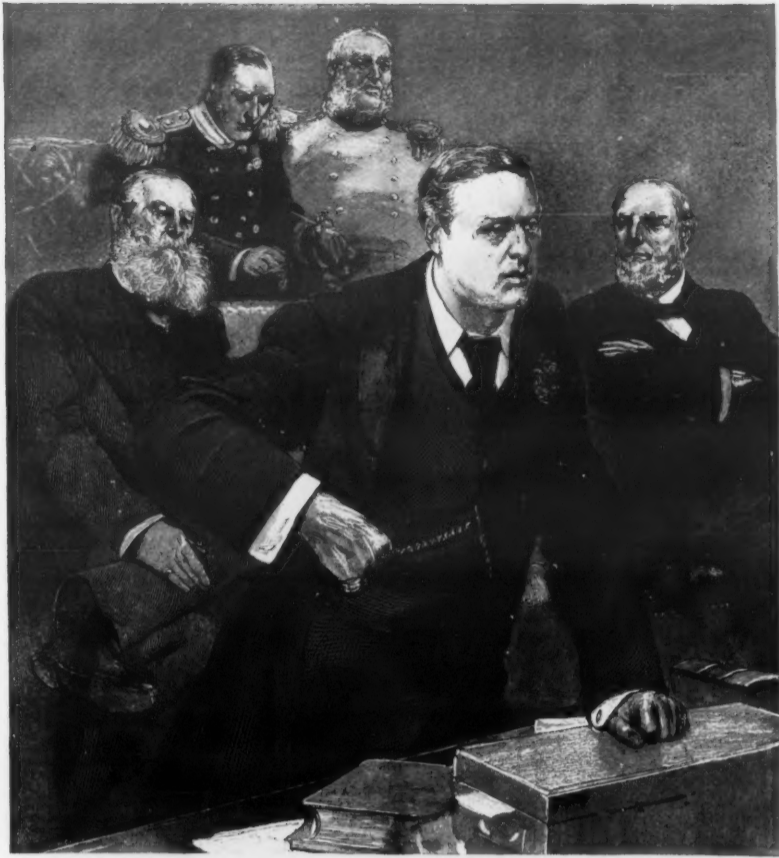
COLONEL DANIEL APPLETON.



THE SEVENTH ON PARADE.

"On the 29th ult. the Seventh Regiment, National Guard State of New York, celebrated by imposing ceremonies the freeing from debt of its magnificent armory at Sixty-seventh Street and Park Avenue. Nearly one million dollars has been spent on the building and its furnishings, every dollar of which was raised by members of the regiment and their friends."

AN INTERESTING EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARD STATE OF NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.  
[SEE PAGE 237.]



LORD ROSEBERY'S FIRST SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS PRIME MINISTER.  
*Illustrated London News.*



THE RECENT BOMB EXPLOSION—THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, PARIS.  
*London Daily Graphic.*



A FUNERAL ON THE ICE—A CUSTOM OF THE WENDS, A BRANCH OF THE SLAVIC POPULATION OF LUSITANIA.—*London Graphic.*



A MATCH HOCKEY GAME AT RICHMOND-ON-THE-THAMES.—*London Daily Graphic.*

W. E. Crum, New College. E. G. Tew, Magdalen. J. A. Morrison, New College.  
L. Portman, University (Cox.). W. B. Stewart, Brasenose. T. H. E. Stretch, New College.



M. C. Pilkington, Magda.en. H. B. Cotton, Magdalen (Bow). C. M. Pitman, New College (Stroke).

THE OXFORD CREW, WINNERS OF THE RECENT UNIVERSITY RACE ON THE THAMES.  
*The London Sketch.*

## Our Foreign Pictures.

The dynamiters are not yet suppressed in Paris. Fresh outrages are constantly occurring, producing widespread consternation. One of the latest bomb explosions occurred in the church of the Madeleine at the hour of afternoon service. An anarchist named Pauwels had forced his way into the church carrying a bomb which by a blow from a swinging door was suddenly thrown to the floor, where it exploded, killing the man, injuring several other persons, and doing considerable damage to the building. Our picture from the London *Daily Graphic* illustrates the scenes and incidents of the explosion.

We reproduce from the London *Graphic* a picture of a funeral on the ice in the Spreewalde, on the borders of Bohemia, about fifty miles south of Berlin. Here is one of the few districts still inhabited by the Wends, a branch of the Slavic population of Lusitania, who yet retain their distinct language, costume, and national characteristics. The numerous ramifications in which the Spree penetrates the woods and forests of this country before reaching Berlin are in the winter securely frozen over, when they take the place of roads, and are used as such even for funeral processions. Every one is, of course, perfectly at home on skates. So the young men, skating, take the ropes attached to the sleigh on which the coffin is borne, the old men, women, and children follow, skating behind. The skates used are old-fashioned in character, tied with string. The men wear black coats and hats on such occasions, but the women vary their costume with white hoods, scarfs, and aprons.

Among our other foreign pictures we give portraits of the Oxford crew, winners of the recent race on the Thames. This was the fifty-first race between Oxford and Cambridge since 1829. Of these contests, Oxford has won twenty-eight and Cambridge twenty-two, and there was one tie. Another illustration depicts Lord Rosebery in the act of making his first speech to the House of Lords as prime minister. Still another illustrates the annual hockey contest between the North and South teams at London, which resulted in a draw of two goals each. In this game two parties of players, armed with sticks curved or hooked at the end, attempt to drive the ball toward opposite goals.

**SUPERIOR TO vaseline and cucumbers.** Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

### Coughs and Colds are Often Overlooked.

A CONTINUANCE for any length of time causes irritation of the LUNGS or some chronic Throat Trouble. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES invariably give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes, 25 cents.

No well-regulated household should be without Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

### DO YOU USE

evaporated cream or unsweetened Condensed Milk, and desire the best? Then obtain from your grocer Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which ranks first in quality. Prepared by New York Condensed Milk Company.

### BEECHAM'S PILLS—VEGETABLE.

WHAT they are for: Biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, bilious headache, indigestion, bad taste in the mouth, foul breath, loss of appetite, salivary skin, pimples, torpid liver, depression of spirits, when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal Street, New York, for the little book on constipation (its causes, consequences, and correction), sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

# Mothers, when nursing babies, need a nourishment that will give them strength and make their milk rich.

## Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, nourishes mothers and makes babies fat and healthy. Gives strength to growing children. *Physicians, the world over, endorse it.*

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!  
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

## "Disfigured For Life"

Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases.

Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls?

It means isolation, seclusion.

It is a bar to social and business success.

Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when Doctors fail, standard remedies fail, and nostrums prove worse than useless?

Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure.

CUTICURA REMEDIES

Have earned the title Skin Specifics, because for years they have met with most remarkable success.

There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed.

It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment. 25c. invested in a cake of CUTICURA SOAP

Will prove more than we dare claim.

In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, and its cures are simply marvellous.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.



GOT THE MEDAL.  
CUSTOMER (to grocer's clerk)—"You say that the eggs in this basket are fresher than those in the box, and yet you charge twenty-five cents a dozen more for the latter."  
Grocer's clerk—"Yes'm; but them eggs in the box took the prize at the World's Fair."—  
Judge.

THE CELEBRATED  
**SOHMER**  
Pianos are the Best.  
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.  
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—  
**S O H M E R.**

If you keep **Late Hours**  
for **Society's** sake  
**Bromo-Seltzer**  
Will  
Cure that Headache.



GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS'S COCOA**  
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: **JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.**

### LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

When you can get the **Best at Cargo prices** in any Quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. **Good Income** made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P.O. Box 250, 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.**

FINE COMPLEXION  
**LAIT ANTÉPHELIQUE**  
of Candès milk  
BOTTLE 5c. Sp. CANDES, 16, B' St.—DENIS, PARIS  
ESTABLISHED 1849

**PILES** Successfully treated by a new method. For particulars write to Lakeside Hospital, 4132 Lake Ave., Chicago.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**LADY WANTED** at home, to assist in preparing addresses, also other writing and easy office work. \$20 to \$30 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp.

WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Inc.)

HIGHEST AWARD  
WORLD'S FAIR 1893

**Hotel Brunswick**  
DOWNTOWN DEPOT  
SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.  
Perfecto.

**THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR** of the United States. Stands without a rival. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.  
**JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.**

"Thrift is a good revenue."  
**Great Saving**  
results from  
cleanliness and **SAPOLIO**  
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.  
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of **SAPOLIO**. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

## THE CALIFORNIA GRAPE CURE.

Delicious as a Bunch of Ripe Grapes.

*Sanitas Grape Food is Unfermented, Concentrated, and Absolutely Pure.*

Nervous people will find it soothing and strengthening.

Sufferers from impaired digestion find its use grateful and nourishing.

Mothers with weak and sickly children find it invaluable both for themselves and their offspring.

A most delightful and refreshing beverage, and positively non-alcoholic, fitted for the table or sacrament.

### IT IS NOT COSTLY.

The contents of a pint bottle when properly diluted for use are equal to one-half gallon of the food, and will cost but 65c. at your druggist's or grocer's.

Send your address to any of our agencies and receive, post-paid, a booklet telling all about Grape Food.

New York Selling Agent, **NORMAN BARBOUR**, 77 Warren Street.

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Los Gatos, California.

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General Pacific Agency, 408 Sutter St., San Francisco.

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TRADE MARK

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"He is WELL PAID that is well SATISFIED."  
—Merchant of Venice.

**The Verdict**  
OF ALL WHO

Use  
**Cottolene**



Is that it  
**SATISFIES EVERY DEMAND**  
of the careful housekeeper for frying and shortening purposes. It is far cheaper than butter, more economical than lard because it goes twice as far, and is sure to produce good results without waste. Therefore  
**IT PAYS WELL TO USE**

**Cottolene**  
GET THE GENUINE.

Sold by all grocers in three and five pound pails. Made only by

THE  
**N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY**  
Chicago, New York, Boston, Montreal, San Francisco, Philadelphia, St. Louis.

**POSITIVELY BEAUTIFUL**  
**CONSTANTINE'S**  
Persian Healing  
**PINE TAR SOAP.**

It is now no longer a secret that this INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE FOR TOILET USE is a PURIFYING AGENT OF WONDERFUL VIRTUES. It is harmless and inexpensive, but if you obtain the Original, which bears **CONSTANTINE'S** name, you will be able to **HEIGHTEN EVERY CHARM** which adds **PERFECTION** to  
**FEMALE LOVELINESS.**  
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

"Ride a Monarch and Keep in Front."  
**The Monarch**  
Highest honors at World's Columbian Exposition.  
Four Sizes—Ladies' and Gents'.  
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**COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.**  
So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white. With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste.  
Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to  
**E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.**

**AS GOOD AS A "BEECH-NUT" HAM.**

## Tried & True

may well be said of the Superior Medicine, the standard blood-purifier,

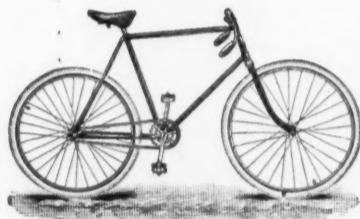
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Its long record assures you that what has cured others

will cure you

- GRAND CENTRAL STATION in the centre of New York City.
- The Hudson River for one hundred and fifty miles.
- The beautiful Mohawk Valley, in which are some of the finest landscapes in America.
- Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract.
- The Adirondack Mountains, "the Nation's pleasure-ground and Sanitarium."
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- The New York and Chicago Limited, the most luxurious train in the world.
- Are a few of the many attractions offered the public by the NEW YORK CENTRAL, "America's Greatest Railroad."

## Remington Cycles.



In Design, Workmanship, Material and Finish they are BEST.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

### Remington Arms Company.

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On which All World's Championships OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON, are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made. The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the firmest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The RALEIGH bearings are unequalled for light-running qualities. For catalogue address.

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## \$100 CASH

will be paid to the person sending us the most appropriate name for our grand New Canna, No. 1900. Full particulars will be found, together with a colored plate of this Canna, in the April number of

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The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



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## ALL WINTER RESORTS IN Florida, Cuba, AND West Indies

CAN BE REACHED DIRECT BY THE Railway and Steamship Lines of THE PLANT SYSTEM and its connections from the NORTH, EAST, and WEST.

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Three excursions to the Island of Jamaica.—Last trip leaves Port Tampa about March 12th. Tri-weekly service, via Plant Steamship Line from Port Tampa to Key West and Havana; also to all fishing and hunting resorts of the Gulf Coast.

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THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT THE AUTOMATIC REEL. It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. YAWMAN & ERBE, Rochester, N. Y.

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An infallible Cure within the reach of every one. Catarrh that for years has withstood every medicine, inhalant and climate, yields to a few weeks' treatment. Nose-line Tablets and Treatment sent free to those who address at once, NOSELINE REMEDY CO., 35 Arcade, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Constipation,

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THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz.—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. The "Workers," made on same plan, 25 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 9 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.

and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.

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## SOZODONT



may be described as a pure, transparent liquid, delightfully perfumed, a few drops of which, applied to the tooth-brush and rubbed on the teeth, produces a most agreeable foam, which penetrates all the interstices of the teeth and cleanses the mouth in a refreshing and pleasant manner. Discolored teeth are rendered white by its use. The breath derives fragrance from its aroma. It prevents and arrests dental decay. The gums become rosier and harder under its operation, and a sensation of perfect cleanliness of the teeth and mouth is produced. No toilet article possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor. If not already provided, procure a bottle of Sozodont from your Chemist. You will be equally surprised and delighted with its effects.

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Highest Score of Awards

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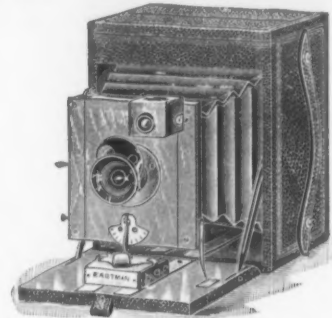
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how fittingly it begins all good dinners. One pound of

## Armour's Extract of BEEF

will make delicious soup for 6 persons daily for 30 days. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

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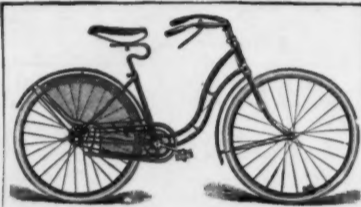
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Price, \$125.

A wheel designed for the special use of lady riders only, and equipped more fully and satisfactorily in point of guards, etc., than any other of its class. While in this particular it is brought to the standard of the splendid Columbia Model 36, it can be stripped to correspond with the lighter Model 34.

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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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**Hickory Wheel Co.,**  
So. Framingham, Mass.

**MILLIONS**

AT THE  
**WORLD'S FAIR**

SAW AND ADMIRER THE

**MAGNIFICENT  
LAWNS**

PRODUCED BY SOWING THE

**HENDERSON  
LAWN GRASS SEED.**

You can duplicate these in any size by following the simple directions which we send, without charge, with every order.

The Henderson Lawn Grass Seed can be obtained from druggists, dealers or us direct, for 25 cents per qt., \$1.00 per peck, \$5.00 per bushel. If by mail, add 5 cents per qt. for postage.

A quart will sow an area 15 x 20 feet—500 square feet; for an acre 5 bushels are required.

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HIGH GRADE, FOUR STYLES,  
WEIGHT, 20 TO 34 POUNDS.

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AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.



Unlike the Dutch Process  
No Alkalies  
—OR—  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the  
preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S  
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which is absolutely  
pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times  
the strength of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or  
Sugar, and is far more economical,  
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DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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99 1/100% PURE

USED IN HOSPITALS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.



"Frogs trying to swell into Oxen." That is what we are reminded of by the claim put forth for various plasters with holes in them, that they are "as good as Allcock's Porous Plasters." You know this claim to be false,

yet often a druggist, anxious to sell an article that is "going slow," will persuade you to buy, instead of an ALLCOCK'S, something else which does you no good, and may do great harm.

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